

HAROLD LAVINE

Fifth Column
in
America



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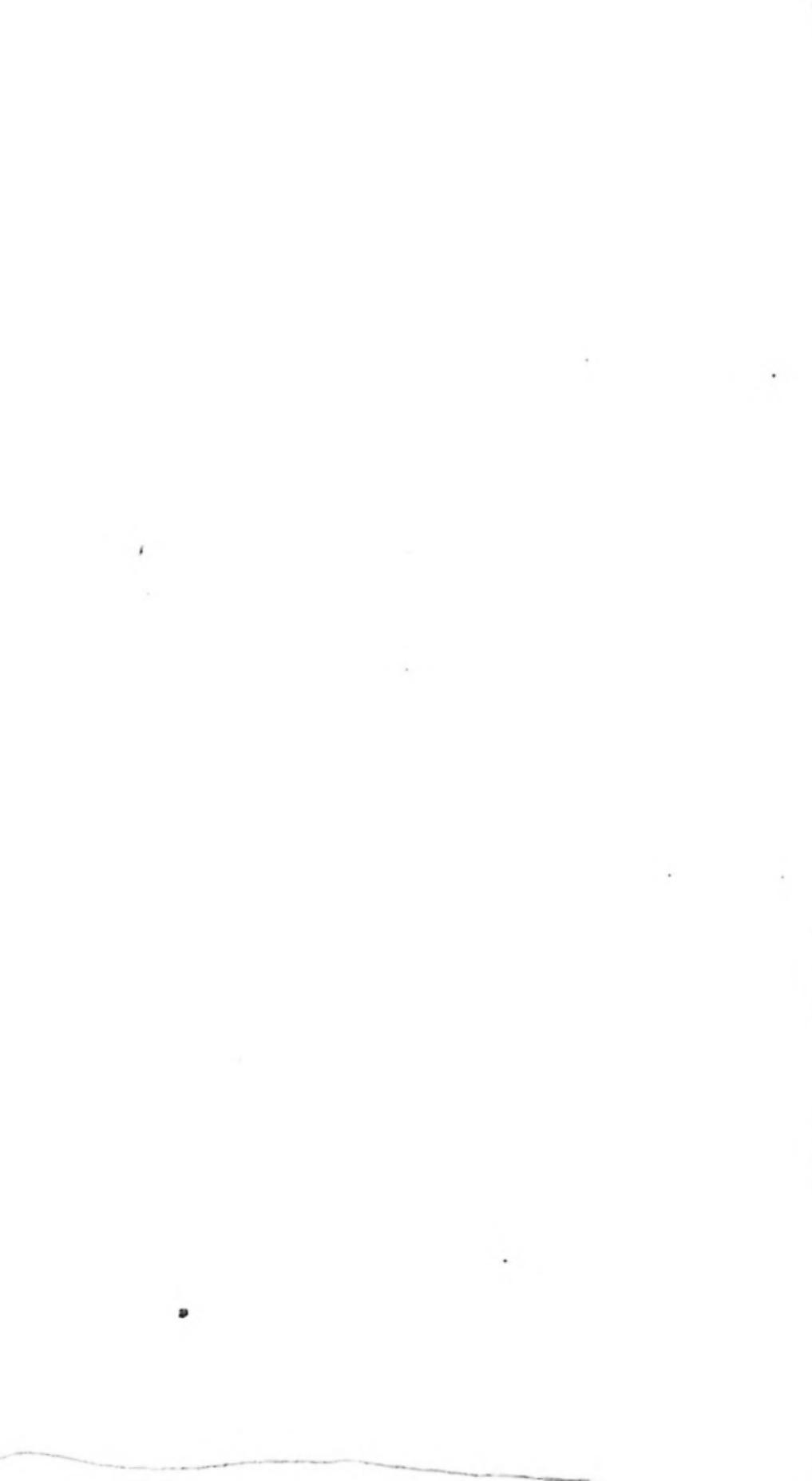
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TO

VIOLET EDWARDS LAVINE

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H. L.



CONTENTS

I

This Is the Problem 3

II

Man on a Horse 37

III

Promoter, Sucker, Publicist 61

IV

Militants and Pussyfooters 81

V

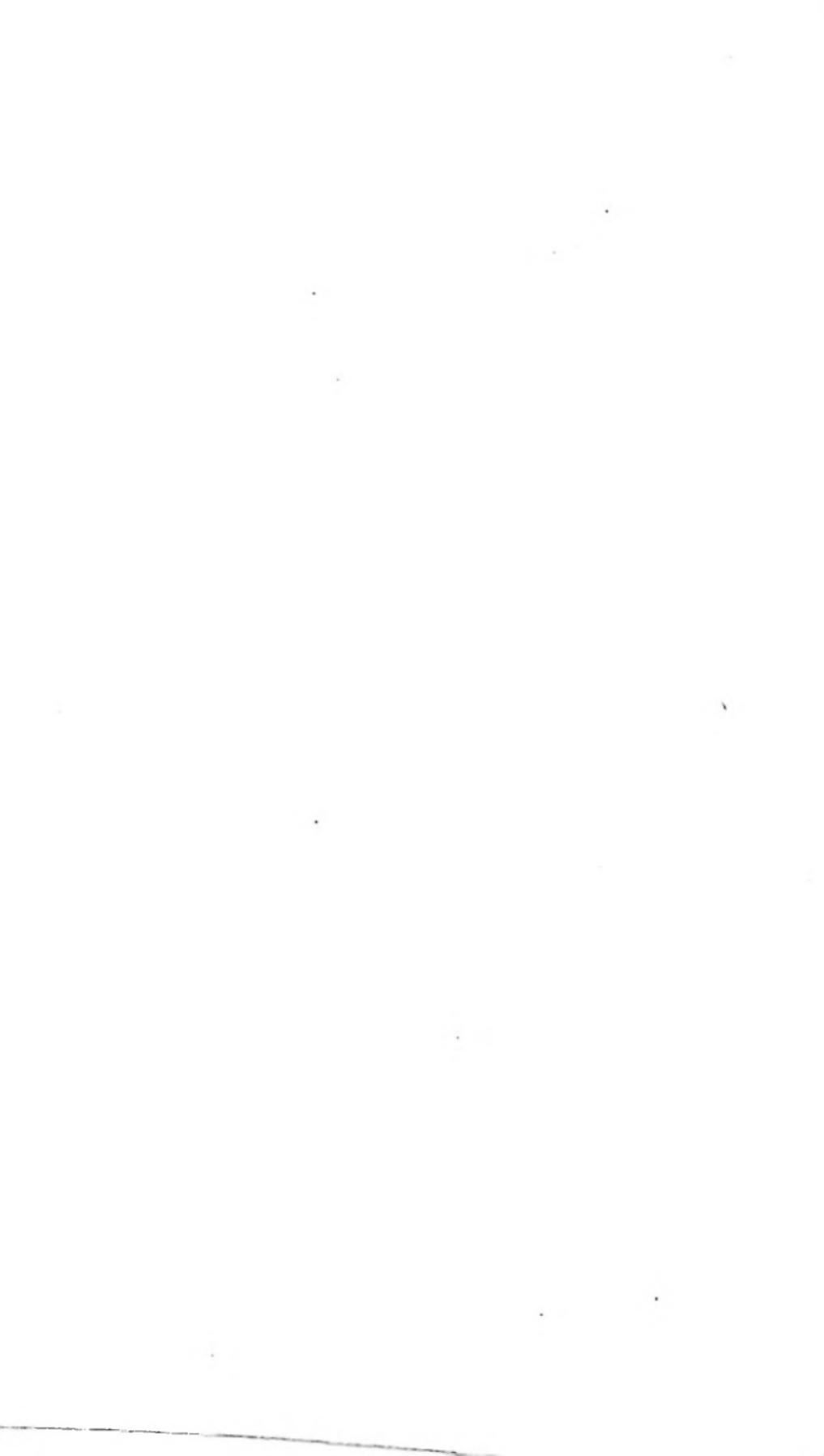
For Christ and Coughlin 109

VI

“Annie” Has a Conscience 137

	Contents
	VII
Germany in America	151
	VIII
The Goated Fuehrer	171
	IX
West-Coast Fascists	191
	X
Mr Stalin's Henchmen	213

This Is the Problem



I: THIS IS THE PROBLEM

IT ALL STARTED with Leland Stowe. Mr Stowe, an enthusiast of the Richard Harding Davis school, as literate as Davis and no less energetic, was in Oslo when the war that some have called World War II exploded in his face. He saw Norway fall. And it was he who told America why it fell—in twelve hours, almost without resistance. His story, written in Stockholm upon his arrival there, was startling; indeed, the *New York Post* spread it over eight columns of page one. For he wrote that it was treason, not armed force, which conquered Norway: treason in high places. Traitors spiked the guns of Norway's little

navy; traitors ordered the garrisons at Oskarsburg and Seierstein to cease firing; traitors disconnected the mines in Oslo fjord. So wrote Mr Stowe. Into American thinking crashed the words "Fifth Column." The expression was not entirely new. It was first heard in 1936 during the civil war in Spain when Nationalist leaders sneered: "We have four columns of soldiers and 'the fifth column' will rise up from within Madrid to help us." There were then few Americans who saw the Spanish civil war for what it really was: Fascism's trial of strength with democracy. So there were then few Americans to whom the words had any meaning. Now, with the Allied cause in danger, everyone understood—though dimly and with horror.

One month later, on May tenth, the armies of Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler poured into the Low Countries, smashing their way past the Little Maginot Line and down through northern France to Paris. Allied resistance, despite the wishful thinking of the correspondents, soon collapsed. Only here and there did the great French army make any real stand. In two weeks the High Command realized that France was through. From then on their only thought was to achieve peace, first peace with honor, then just peace.

Once again the words reverberated: "Fifth Column." And now the horror mounted to hysteria. Members of Jehovah's Witnesses, an innocent group of religious fanatics who refuse to salute the Stars and Stripes because their religion forbids the worship of symbols, were mobbed in the streets. A foundry worker in Sparta, Mich., killed his neighbor because "he was in the Fifth Column." In Sapulpa, Okla., it was decided that Technocrats were Fifth Columnists, and one was actually jailed. An Erase-the-Fifth-Column, Inc., was formed in Los Angeles. Jeff Davis, self-styled King of the Hoboes, appointed One-Eye Connolly, the hobo gate crasher, to watch for the Fifth Column on freight trains riding the rods. Some fifty women, meeting in New York, started an organization pledged to shoot down German parachutists, with the acting regional director of the National Legion of Mothers as their head. The Erie County, New York, American Legion mobilized to keep Fifth Columnists from crossing the border at Niagara Falls.

In this uninhibited mood of emotionalism the Fifth Column soon came to include everyone you didn't like. The Communist Party, U.S.A., whose hatred for Leon Trotsky was gargantuan, assailed the Trotskyites as Fifth Columnists, adding that J. P. Morgan,

whom it also doesn't like, was one too. Dorothy Thompson found the Fifth Column lurking "in our great industries . . . the line taken with them is that Nazism represents the logical quintessence of industrial—as opposed to financial—capitalism." A fellow publicist, Thomas F. Woodlock, of the *Wall Street Journal*, found it elsewhere—in John Dewey's theories of progressive education. New Dealers caught the Fifth Column marching in the ranks of the G.O.P. Republicans saw it slithering up the White House steps. A speaker before the New York State Association of Young Republican Clubs declared: "We must see that no Fifth Column operates in this party." He was referring to Kenneth Simpson.

As usual, George U. Harvey, New York's most effervescent politico, outdid everyone, including himself. Mr Harvey announced that "Fifth-Column parachutists" had been landing in the United States for nigh onto two decades. They "don't wear uniforms or bristle with guns," he explained. "They are disguised as so-called 'liberals' . . ."

The hysteria subsided, as hysteria will. Then came more serious appraisals of the Fifth-Column menace to American security. All over the country were organizations which for years had done little else than

spy on anti-Semitic, pro-Fascist and pro-Nazi propagandists in the United States. Perhaps the most energetic of them was (and is) the News Research Service of Los Angeles, whose activities once caused an official in the Silvershirts to complain: "If those Yids ever resigned from the Silver Legion we'd lose half our membership." The American Jewish Committee, the American Committee Against Nazi Propaganda and countless veterans' groups were conducting similar investigations; so were the Department of Justice, the New York police department's criminal alien squad, G-2 of the United States army, the Naval Intelligence. Their files were filled to overflowing with names, dates and documents. Until Mr Stowe's dispatch the files had thickened every day without arousing the interest of more than an occasional newspaperman. The attitude in most city rooms was: "This is crackpot stuff, in pretty much the same class as the Great I Am." Now, with France half slave, half serf, the erstwhile crackpots were swelling into an omnipresent threat. Newspapermen, who once had derided them, laughed no more, and stories which had gathered dust for years hurtled into print.

The stories were all pretty much the same. They came from the same files, and they were all written

from approximately the same point of view, one which had no other virtue than simplicity. Fifth Columnists were traitors. It was all quite as elementary as that. "A million Fifth Columnists—and that is the cold official estimate based on investigation—walk the streets and have the run of American homes, offices and shops, their hearts black with hostile intentions. Marching orders have not been issued yet, so they remain at their normal occupations, but on momentary call for treachery." So wrote one commentator, an optimist in the most pregnant sense of the word.

The writer fortunately made no attempt to explain how it was possible to determine that men who had committed no overt act were potential traitors. Perhaps the investigation to which he referred was conducted with the aid of spiritualistic media. He may also have studied the palms of Dr Gallup's cross section, finding deep significance in the little crisscross lines. His estimate is rather difficult to swallow nonetheless. It makes sense only in conjunction with the writer's exposé of the Fifth Column's most active "fellow travelers." Among them he listed the isolationist news letter, *Uncensored*, which he called "this nice belly camp follower." The editorial advisory committee of *Uncensored* includes such well-known

publicists as John Chamberlain, John T. Flynn and Quincy Howe who, faced with the newspaperman's charge, no doubt found some consolation in that genteel adjective, "nice." Of course the charge was nonsensical. It does indicate, however, what the newspaperman was thinking of when he found one million potential traitors in the United States. The surprising thing is that he didn't find ten million.

Strangely enough, the story which jolted the United States into sudden realization of the danger within—Mr Stowe's dispatch from Stockholm—contained no more than an iota of truth, if that. It was, according to most foreign correspondents, sheer German propaganda, designed to create hysteria and panic, which, of course, is precisely what it did. As Otto D. Tolischus cabled the *New York Times* on April twenty-seventh, there were no more than five hundred Germans in Norway, most of them Jews. Unpreparedness, not Fifth-Column activity, was the cause of Norway's downfall, wrote Mr Tolischus, for many years the most intelligent reporter of the phenomenon that is National Socialism and no friend of Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler, as his expulsion from Germany attested. The Norwegians themselves an-

swnered Mr Stowe's dispatch with indignant denials. General Carl Johan Erichsen, commander of the first division in southeastern Norway, called the reports of treason "entirely without foundation in fact." He regarded them as German propaganda, initiated with the hope of destroying Norway's morale. On April eighteenth the Norwegian legation in Stockholm declared: "Sensational rumors of treason and sabotage must be received with the greatest reservation." Other Norwegian officials pointed out that Mr Stowe had made several errors of easily ascertainable fact, including errors of geography.

Perhaps the clearest indication that Mr Stowe went off half-cocked is the fact that Adolf Hitler failed in his efforts to install Major Vidkun Quisling as head of his puppet Norwegian government. A genuine Fifth Columnist, Major Quisling was fuehrer of Norway's Nazi party. However, Nazi sympathizers were so hopelessly in the minority in Norway, as the Germans were later to admit, that even with the support of Adolf Hitler's guns Major Quisling could not rule.

Thus, if Mr Stowe may rightfully claim some credit for startling the United States from lethargy into vigilance, he must also shoulder at least part of the responsibility for obscuring the nature of the menace

within to American security. It was his interpretation of the events in Norway which made that menace synonymous with treason. Unfortunately the danger is far more complex, far less easily handled. We have always had traitors in the United States; we always will, just as we'll always have shoplifters, pickpockets and congenital drunkards. We had traitors during the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Civil War and World War I. We even had them during the Indian wars, although we then called them "renegades." They were criminals; they were treated as criminals, tried, convicted, shot. That is what those who grandiosely accuse no less than one million Americans of treason seem to forget: that we have laws against treason and jails for traitors. If there were any evidence to support the charges, legal evidence, we could eliminate the menace of treason overnight. As for those who say that we have one million *potential* traitors in the United States, they might as easily say that we have one million potential murderers, or one hundred million for that matter. Who knows what thoughts simmer in your next-door neighbor's head when your dog tears up his lawn?

Although this book is entitled *Fifth Column in America* I am frank to admit that I don't know any

traitors. I don't even know any potential traitors. I do know people who are frankly pro-Nazi, who hope to stampede the country into Fascism, who dream the dreams that Adolf Hitler must have dreamed in Munich fifteen years ago. Some I despise. Others I like, much as I may hate what they stand for. I recognize that many are racketeers and petty racketeers at that, poolroom hustlers to whom saving America is just another way of raising gin money. I recognize that many are complete neurotics if not insane, as Hitler is neurotic and perhaps insane. That's just part of the story, however. Sprinkled among them are people whose sincerity verges on fanaticism, convinced that what they are doing alone will preserve America from chaos; misguided patriots, true, yet patriots nonetheless. I have met others, and especially in the ranks of the Christian Front, to whom the past ten years have meant only frustration. More often than not the reason for their failure to achieve success lies in their own inadequacy. Naturally they will never admit that. Instead they prefer to shout imprecations at democracy, at capitalism, at the Jews.

These people, the patriots as well as the hypocrites, the frustrates as well as those who exploit their despair, constitute the real Fifth-Column menace to America.

They are neither spies nor traitors; superficially, at least, they are plain Americans exercising their inalienable right to freedom of speech in order to effect changes in our form of government. No law curtails their activities or their propaganda. Any law that did would itself serve to destroy our democracy. Yet they menace our nation as spies and traitors never could. They do not threaten an occasional factory or railroad or water-supply works. Their attack is upon the very fabric of this nation's social, economic and political system. If they succeed the nation will simply disintegrate. That, in part, is what happened to France.

The lesson of France is one that we have yet to grasp completely. Not only were the events which preceded the French defeat so complex that comprehension is difficult; even more important, special-interest groups in the United States, in their efforts to make political capital, have either consciously or unconsciously perverted the facts. Thus we find die-hard Republicans converting the French defeat into ammunition for their attack on social legislation, particularly the Wagner Act, while New Dealers, equally die-hard, see no other moral except that Mr. Willkie's election would leave the country defense-

less. The G.O.P. standpatters maintain that it was the Popular Front's insistence upon retaining the forty-hour week that hampered French rearmament; the New Dealers, that French industrialists, anxious to avoid increased taxation and secretly envious of National Socialist Germany, were responsible. Neither seems to give one hoot in Sleepy Hollow about what actually happened to France; both are concerned only with the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

This essay is not *The Strategy of Terror*. Edmond Taylor has already written that book (and no more revelatory one concerning World War II has come from any typewriter since the invasion of Poland). I spoke to Mr Taylor shortly after his return to America. Like many another Paris correspondent he derided the stories of treason in the French army which then were so popular here, even to insisting that Nazi propagandists had inspired them. Nor did he agree with those who charged that proponents of appeasement in government and industry had sold France out. The nation simply decomposed, he said, and so rapidly that at the end one could almost see it going to pieces. It was no one's fault; it was everyone's fault; it just happened. And Mr Taylor expressed the

fear that it was happening in the United States too.

The question for America is why it happened in France. One answer—though not, of course, the complete answer—is Fascist and Communist propaganda, native propaganda mostly, which threw France into turmoil and made parliamentary government impossible. Any government, any society, must rest upon two or three fundamental assumptions which, regardless of whether or not they are true, nevertheless hold it together. In the United States, for example, we assume that government exists for the people, that Congress represents their will, that our courts dispense justice under the law to rich and poor alike. In every society based primarily upon co-operation rather than force we assume good will and group spirit on the part of each individual. Now it can easily be argued that none of these assumptions corresponds fully to fact: the evidence is packed away in the records of hundreds of Congressional investigations. Yet, so long as the majority of the American people accept them, our democracy will continue to work. It may work badly at times; it does. Still it works.

The whole trouble is that neither the Fascists nor the Communists do accept them, although for different reasons. The Communists insist that our govern-

ment, instead of representing the will of the people, is actually the instrument of the upper classes, the mechanism whereby the capitalists keep the proletariat in bondage; the Fascists, more succinctly though with less of the academic flavor, merely shout "Jewocracy!" Neither considers the government *their* government. It exists for the capitalists. Or else it exists for the Jews. It doesn't exist for them.

The danger of this attitude in wartime is self-evident. Again I do not question the patriotism of either the Fascists or the Communists, using the word patriotism in the strict dictionary sense, love of country; and when Lawrence Dennis, for example, says that he will support the United States in any war it may declare I do not question his sincerity. On the other hand I am convinced that Mr Dennis is talking slush. No one who contends that an insignificant minority has seized control of the government, whether he defines the minority as four million Jews or Sixty Families, can possibly support that government's decisions with anything even approaching the fervor so necessary in wartime. This is true of those intellectual Fascists like Mr Dennis who view the war as the product of democracy and capitalism in decay; of those more primitive Fascists who maintain, "The

Jews started the war; the Jews profit from war; let Jews fight the war"; of the *Daily Worker's* copy desk, which calls it simply "Wall Street's war." Until the Communist Party went D.A.R. late in 1935 all Communists recognized this; indeed, they decried the spirit of nationalism and made no secret of their intention to defy the government in wartime. There are those who still do, just as there are Fascists who, unlike Mr Dennis, would refuse to help the United States in any way should the country declare war on Germany. They are in the minority; the police can handle them; consequently they are no danger. The danger comes from those less outspoken, those who intend to support the government, no doubt sincerely. Not long ago Mr Taylor spoke at Columbia University. He was asked whether those in the French army sympathetic to National Socialism had sabotaged the nation's war effort. He said:

"No, I don't think so. They were all patriotic Frenchmen, and when the war came they did their best. Unfortunately their best was no good. They couldn't fight the war *because they didn't believe in the war.*"

Naturally the Communists and Fascists seek to infect others with their own lack of respect for govern-

ment, using example as well as precept to get their ideas across. Not only are they ready to violate any law which happens to irk them at the moment; they deliberately create disorder. They hold parades without first getting permission from the police; they hold street-corner rallies which disrupt traffic, defying orders to move on; they picket in violation of local statutes. They have no difficulty in rationalizing these actions: the laws are either "Wall Street's laws" or else "Jew laws." Sometimes their complaints are not without foundation. They are never relevant. Those who believe in democracy must believe (at times perhaps naively) that, "If you don't like the law change it." The Communists and Fascists, with their profound scorn for democracy, choose merely to ignore the law. If the police arrest them, which happens all too rarely, they are less concerned with defending themselves in court than with making embittered speeches. Their contempt for "capitalist justice and/or the Jewish courts" is profound.

Against such tactics, especially when they are deliberate (for sometimes they are unconscious and merely the result of habit), the police are virtually helpless. Of the hundreds of demonstrators who are creating disorder they can never arrest more than

eight or nine, who at once will become heroes or martyrs to all the rest. Usually they just attempt to disperse the crowd, laying their night sticks on anyone who gets in their way. Not only does this also create martyrs; even worse, it plays directly into the hands of the demonstrators, since police violence is hardly the most efficacious way of maintaining respect for law and order. Nor are the courts always successful in maintaining respect for the law. The friends of those arrested will often hold demonstrations right in the courtroom; if ejected they will go downstairs and make so much noise that it will be necessary to adjourn the court until they can be dispersed. I have seen this happen time and time again. On each occasion the proceedings were characterized by little of that dignity which traditionally is associated with the bench.

Disrespect for law is contagious. That is the lesson of Germany, where the Nazis followed precisely the same tactics; of Spain, where the Falangists actually printed long articles in their newspapers on the necessity for creating disorder; of France, where Fascists and Communists alternated in bedeviling the gendarmes. In case anyone has forgotten it was also the lesson of Prohibition.

Thus far neither the Fascists nor the Communists have succeeded in getting *avowed* members elected to public office, although they never stop trying. (As this is written Joseph E. McWilliams is running for Congress as candidate of the American Destiny Party from New York's Yorkville district and George E. Deatherage has just announced his intention of running from St Albans, W. Va.) True, some members of Congress are sympathetic to one group or the other—for example, Jacob Thorkelson, of Montana, who is quite friendly with Major General Van Horn Moseley and William Dudley Pelley, of the Silvershirts—and these sympathizers are extremely valuable, if only because they have franking privileges. (Their statements on the floor of the House can be reprinted from the *Congressional Record* and distributed without cost.) On the other hand, they are generally rather eccentric and, from the standpoint of the Communist or Fascist leaders, therefore unreliable. They must be cajoled into action: they can't be ordered; nor do their prejudices always propel them into positions which are tactically correct.

If any bona fide Communists or Fascists ever are elected to Congress they probably will act pretty much as the Communists and Fascists did in the Cham-

ber of Deputies last year and in the Reichstag back in 1930. That is, they will just act up. They will disrupt the proceedings in every way possible, by starting fights, etc. In Germany the Nazis even went to such lengths as throwing stink bombs, thereby suspending debate.

The Communists originated this policy, which their opponents in the labor movement describe as "rule or ruin." The Fascists, however, use it with infinitely more skill: they can turn any deliberative body into something that resembles the San Francisco earthquake as Mack Sennett would have staged it, only more so. The effect is twofold: first, the inability of parliament to reach any decision under such conditions makes it possible for the Fascists to argue that parliamentary governments can't govern; second, the spectacle is one not calculated to increase respect either for democracy or for the democratically elected representatives of the people.

The propaganda tactics of both the Fascists and the Communists fit neatly into this pattern of disorder. They derive in each case from one fundamental assumption: that capitalist democracy is government against the people, in spite of the people, at the cost of the people. To discuss measures which are under

consideration in Washington is therefore worse than futile; the correct procedure is simply to denounce them. In the case of the Fascists the preferred epithets are "Jew" and "Communist," sometimes merged into "Jew Communist." The Communists, somewhat more prolific in denunciatory adjectives, do not seem to have any preference, though at the present moment, since their major concern is with foreign policy, most of their epithets are synonymous with "imperialism." Like the Fascists, the Communists are convinced that sinister forces in control of the government wish to involve the United States in war in order to line their own pockets. The Communists, who have no religious prejudice, define these forces as "the capitalists"; the Fascists call them "Jewish capitalists." They seem to agree that any measures which might hinder Adolf Hitler in his efforts to dominate the world are part of this devious plot, including rearmament, aid to England, and Pan-American co-operation. As far as the Communists are concerned that is justification enough for calling these measures "the spawn of Wall Street" and damning them as "imperialist." The Fascists, who have no antipathy toward imperialism, call them "Jewish warmongering."

Name-calling did not originate with either the

Fascists or the Communists, and it will continue to exist long after they, as well as the Democrats and Republicans, are gone. It ranks with our most cherished political institutions, with graft and with the village atheist. Some of the most fascinating speeches in the history of American democracy are little more than name-calling; that is also true of some of the juiciest campaign slogans. The danger lies not in name-calling itself: the danger lies in the attitude from which the vituperation springs. To use their own words, the Fascists and Communists are convinced that everyone who is not with them is against them: everyone outside their own ranks is their enemy. They see themselves as perpetually at war. The Communists, even those who know nothing of the gospel according to Saint Marx except the *Manifesto*, call this war the "class struggle."

Now, whether or not there is any validity in the class interpretation of history from which all Communist theory and practice derives, the fact remains that our democracy is rooted in diametrically opposed assumptions. Democracy thrives on differences; indeed, that is the whole rationale of democracy: that conflicting opinions and conflicting points of view will, through some process as mysterious as free com-

petition, lead in the long run to effective social action. If American democracy has not degenerated into anarchy, if, devious as the process seems, democracy nevertheless works, the conviction that we all have common interests which transcend our class or group interests certainly is not the least important reason. The phrase, "We must all hang together or else we shall all hang separately," is not mere witticism. It expresses the whole philosophy of democratic society.

The Communists and Fascists would not agree that we all have common interests of transcendent importance. That is why they can look upon their opponents literally as enemies; and that is why their propaganda is designed to make others look upon the capitalists/the Jews (pick one) as enemies. The result of their propaganda, when successful, is therefore an emotional civil war, one which they diligently strive to nurture into real civil war. People can discuss issues with those whom they consider misguided, even with those whom they consider pigheaded. They cannot discuss issues with those whom they consider enemies. And discussion is the very essence of democracy.

All this may seem farfetched. Yet those who saw

France collapse agree that one characteristic of French democracy in decay was this very inability to debate issues on their merits. The Chamber of Deputies was split into warring factions, each suspicious of the other. The Popular Front suspected the conservatives of secretly harboring Fascist sympathies; the conservatives looked upon the members of the Popular Front as Communists and warmongers. Instead of assuming that any differences among them were honest differences resulting from different concepts of the most effective way to serve France the politicians looked always for ulterior motives: their opponents didn't know the meaning of honesty; they were traitors. At the end, according to Mr Taylor, this fear and mistrust had even permeated the ranks of the army. Troops deserted en masse: the officers were traitors, so they said, and they refused to fight under them. Officers refused to lead their men into battle: the men, they said, were Communists and could not be trusted.

The Germans and Italians especially have developed some rather startling techniques for encouraging fear and suspicion within the democracies, which they used with thunderous effect in France and which they are using now in the United States. One, perhaps the

most destructive, consists of embarrassing those who advocate measures which might conceivably help the authoritarian powers—in France, the proponents of appeasement; in America, the isolationists. Specifically they create situations which seem to indicate that sympathy for totalitarian doctrines, rather than patriotism, generated the measures and that anyone who defends them is therefore pro-Fascist. On the surface this doesn't seem to make sense, for as soon as the measures are identified with Fascism public opinion crystallizes against them. Why then do the Fascists so label them? Why, for example, do they attempt to convince the American public that isolationist spokesmen are enemies of democracy when they realize—as they must realize—that, if successful, they will destroy the isolationist cause?

The answer is, again, that Fascist propagandists are concerned only with creating intellectual disorder; they do not seek to convince. Anything which serves to generate fear and mistrust within the democracies is grist for their mill. Thus when Charles A. Lindbergh spoke in Chicago early in August the Germans and Italians went to great lengths to make it appear that he was sympathetic to National Socialism. The *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* turned out en masse.

Italian newspapers heard what no one in the United States did—that Colonel Lindberg planned to start another party, one rooted in Fascist doctrines. This story was an out-and-out fake: it described the reaction in the United States to Colonel Lindbergh's announcement when there was no reaction because there was no announcement. Still it served to convince many Doubting Thomases that he really was pro-Nazi. In New York Ralph Ingersoll, editor of the newspaper *PM*, accused the colonel of treason, little realizing that it was simply to inspire such outbursts that German and Italian propagandists had splattered the flier with their own dirt. The readers of *PM* immediately split into two camps: those who defended Colonel Lindbergh and those who applauded Mr Ingersoll's editorial. The issues which the colonel had discussed were completely forgotten, although those issues were and still are of vital importance. One might have imagined that Colonel Lindbergh's personality was the only problem that America had to face.

Now this was just one incident. Within two or three days it was over, and readers of *PM* returned to discussing more significant aspects of the American scene. In France such incidents occurred constantly: the Italians, for example, deliberately made it appear

that Pierre Laval was plotting with Mussolini against the security of the state. The result eventually was that discussions of foreign policy degenerated into an exchange of personalities, with M. Laval's opponents screaming "Traitor!" while his friends shouted "War-monger!" The Fascists were disrupting parliamentary government with their propaganda as effectively as they did with their stench bombs.

The most disruptive propaganda technique of all is anti-Semitism. Not only does it constitute the Fascist's chief stock in trade, the patent medicine which he guarantees to cure all worldly ills—step right up, folks, step right up; even more important, anti-Semitism can work people up into an emotional stew which is really terrifying, set father against son, mother against daughter. For anti-Semitic propaganda creates pro-Semites too: whenever the Jews are denounced there are those who rush to defend them. Sentiment against creates sentiment for. The more virulent the propaganda gets the more virulent grow the rejoinders.

Unemployment, national defense, social legislation, foreign policy—everything is forgotten in the Great Debate over the *Protocols of Zion*: are they

genuine or not? Do the Jews own most of the newspapers? Are the Jews plotting to enslave the Christians? These become the issues which agitate the nation. Ten million unemployed? We'll take care of them later; first we've got to decide whether J. P. Morgan's real name is Morganthal.

Now the whole issue of anti-Semitism is nothing if not spurious, which perhaps is why it affects people so deeply. For any nation to excite itself over, let us say, the President's ancestry (is his real name Rosenfeld?) seems like the height of asininity. Yet nations have gone into an uproar over such questions; Germany did and so did France. If the American Fascists have their way the United States will too. And we'll all spit expletives at each other while the country goes to hell.

The literature of anti-Semitism is really quite entertaining, if your stomach is strong. It all stems from the infamous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, which have been so discredited that many of the organizations that still distribute them no longer insist upon their authenticity. Father Coughlin, for example, taking his cue from Henry Ford, says that while the *Protocols* may not be authentic they are nevertheless "factual." The same tack is taken by the

Anglo-Saxon Federation, whose chief of publications is William J. Cameron, the Ford Sunday Evening Hour commentator.

To prove the so-called factuality of the *Protocols* the anti-Semites blame the Jews for every war, every disaster that has ever occurred. The Jews started the American Revolution; they started the Civil War; they killed Abraham Lincoln; they started World Wars I and II. Capitalizing on the Nye investigation, which created the widespread impression that J. P. Morgan railroaded America into war in 1917 to protect his investments, the Jew-baiters say that Mr Morgan is Jewish, that his real name is either Morganstern or Morganthal. Colonel E. M. House also was Jewish, they declare, insisting that his middle name, Mandel, was his family name and that Mandel obviously is Jewish. . . .

They conclude from this evidence that "world Jewry" is plotting the destruction of civilization. So what if the *Protocols* were forged? They are true, anyway.

After making "Jew" an epithet the Fascists proceed to strike at everything and everybody opposed to Fascism simply by shouting "Jew!" Thus when Dorothy Thompson attacks the Reich *Liberation*, the

Silvershirt weekly snaps back that her real name is Dorothy Thompson Levy; Alfred M. Landon attacks Dr Gerald Winrod, the so-called "Jayhawk Nazi," and immediately *Liberation* points out that M. stands for Mossman, which proves conclusively that Mr Landon also is Jewish. The New Deal is Jewish; the Republican Party is Jewish; the Democratic Party is Jewish; Cordell Hull is Jewish (look at his lips); Franklin D. Roosevelt is Jewish; Rexford G. Tugwell is Jewish; the Masons are Jewish; the C.I.O. is Jewish; the A. F. of L. is Jewish. So they say.

The Christian Aryan Syndicate proves to its own satisfaction that Wallis Simpson is Jewish and that her marriage to Edward VIII, the present Duke of Windsor, probably was plotted by "International Jewry." *Liberation* maintains that Mr Roosevelt's name is really "Rossocampo-Rosenveld." James True damns the G.O.P. because he thinks Glenn Frank *may* be Jewish. Alf Landon, being Jewish, is using the G.O.P. to set up another "Hebrew state like the Soviet Union," says Mr True.

The most startling discovery, however, was made by *The Monitor*, which combines anti-Semitism with anti-Catholicism. Shortly before the death of Pope Pius XI it revealed that he, too, was Jewish. Anyway,

his mother was, said *The Monitor*, and that is the same thing.

A word of explanation now: this book is about people, the people who fill the ranks of the Communist Party, U.S.A., and of the five hundred or more Fascist organizations in the United States, the people who lead the organizations, the people who swirl around the edges. It makes no pretense to definiteness: no one could write an exhaustive study of the Fifth Column in less than one million words; and when he was finished he would discover that no less than half of the organizations which he mentioned were now defunct, that others had merged, that dozens of new organizations had sprung up. For that is how these Fascist organizations are: they are forever springing up and forever disappearing. Some consist of three unemployed youngsters with nothing else to occupy themselves except anti-Semitic propaganda: they will die as soon as the youngsters find jobs. Others are simple rackets and will end whenever the police catch up with those who are profiting from them. Still others have as many as ten thousand members and seem to grow stronger with the years.

It was the same way in Germany twenty years ago.

The party that is now the National Socialist Party had less than one dozen members when Adolf Hitler joined.

This book is not about spies and *saboteurs*. There are spies and *saboteurs* in the United States. Others have described their activities; the Department of Justice is watching them. Neither is this book about foreign agents. That problem is also for the police.

No, there is nothing sensational here, nothing that will lead to indictments, nothing exciting—unless you consider the fact that hundreds of thousands of Americans, perhaps millions, are working day and night to achieve one end—the destruction of democracy—unless you consider that fact exciting. This book is about those people. They are comical people, many of them, and you can't help laughing when you hear them. Adolf Hitler was pretty funny too. Nothing in recent history is more hilarious than his beer-hall *Putsch*. The only trouble with Adolf Hitler was that he wouldn't stay funny. Some of these people may be like that.

Man On a Horse

II: MAN ON A HORSE

MAJOR GENERAL VAN HORN MOSELEY, U.S.A., retired, hates Jews, dogs and gonorrhea. Just what can be done about the dogs he doesn't quite know; however, the problem of gonorrhea is somewhat less involved, and with the help of Captain James E. Campbell the major general should have little, if any trouble in getting it under control. As for the problem of the Jews, well, that is even simpler, except that few one-hundred-per-cent white Protestant Americans seem to understand it which, of course, disturbs the major general no end. It also disturbs Captain Campbell and several other red-blooded patriots, including George

Deatherage, James True, Dudley Pierrepont Gilbert, George W. Christians, Robert Edmondson and Fritz Kuhn, who unfortunately can't do much about it until he leaves his prison cell in Ossining, N.Y.

The major general, it should be understood, does not dislike the Jews merely because they are Jews. That, he says, is anti-Semitism; and Major General Van Horn Moseley, while he can appreciate the feelings of the anti-Semite, cannot share them. He dislikes the Jews because they are Communists—not all of them, perhaps, but certainly the leaders who, says the major general, dominate their coreligionists as thoroughly as they are striving to dominate the *Goyim*. The major general also dislikes the Jews because they sometimes change their names. "I have to laugh when I hear of Jews named Miller," he once said. No Jew could have come by the name of Miller in any honest way, he thinks.

On the Jewish question, as every politically informed person will recognize at once, the major general differs radically with those other red-blooded patriots, although Mr Gilbert does see things his way occasionally.

The major general differs with them concerning the solution too. Mr Deatherage, for example, "is the sort

of two-fisted patriot who believes in fighting it out physically with all subversive elements." (These are the general's own words.) The general wouldn't stand for anything quite as illegal as that. He would prefer to have the President of the United States call in the forty-eight governors and keep them under lock and key until they signed formal requests for the establishment of martial law. That would put the country under military dictatorship, with the President as dictator. Naturally the army would soon rid the country of Communists and put the unemployed back to work. The major general knows, because he spent forty-three years in the army.

Mr Deatherage, on the other hand, believes that Major General Van Horn Moseley just doesn't understand the forces which are operating in the United States today. If the Jewish problem were simply the problem of the Jewish Communists that would be one thing, he says; but the Jews are "wily Orientals," who never put their eggs in one basket, so their power extends into the Democratic Party and the G.O.P. as well as the Communist Party, U.S.A. No president who belonged to either of the old-line parties could buck them; so the general's dream of martial law will never be realized until an entirely new party, which

can elect its own president, is established. Mr Deatherage once had plans for this party: he called it the American Nationalist Confederation, "the official Fascist party." The plans fell through; but then, Adolf Hitler also met with setbacks in his early days. The American Nationalist Confederation will rise again, though under another name perhaps, and when it does Mr Deatherage and some of the other patriots hope that Major General Van Horn Moseley will be the leader.

Thus far the general has declined the nomination. He still has faith in the old parties. However, the patriots are certain that sooner or later he will come around. Meanwhile they keep working on him day and night.

The reason is self-evident. None of the patriots could hope to become the American duce, but all would like to become the duce's right-hand man. George Deatherage is the most ambitious, but he doesn't have the knack of rabble-rousing. Neither does Captain Campbell. Mr Kuhn's thick German accent would hardly succeed in rallying millions to his cause; moreover, though Major General Van Horn Moseley recognizes the quality of Mr Kuhn's patriot-

ism, how many other Americans do? About the major general's patriotism there can be absolutely no question. He was twice awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. Only three other men in the U.S. army have been so honored.

Of course the army is getting pretty tired of the general's antics by now; indeed, at one time it even considered putting him on trial for conduct unbecoming an officer, although that idea was quickly dropped in the belief that he would raise the cry of persecution and would be paraded as the victim of administration malice. On the other hand, there is unanimous agreement that Major General Van Horn Moseley's record in the service was truly brilliant. General Hugh S. Johnson speaks of him in superlatives: "A bold go-getter, who consistently rendered invaluable service . . . A realist, who got results . . . Sincere, intense and loyal . . ."

The major general was graduated from West Point in 1899, served in Arizona, Texas and the Philippines and on the Mexican border. During the World War he was chief of the fourth section of the general staff, American Expeditionary Force. He conducted the negotiations with The Netherlands which made it possible to supply and later to evacuate the U.S. army

in Germany. His first D.S.M. was awarded for his services in France. The second came to him in 1930 for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service. Two Mexican armies were potshotting at each other just outside El Paso, and it looked as though machine guns might soon be hammering in the city streets. The general induced the combatants to pack up and go home.

There was talk at one time of appointing him chief of staff. If General Malin Craig was chosen instead the reason is, perhaps, that for all his brilliance Major General Van Horn Moseley sometimes acted queerly. He was overbearing, cocky, but in view of his record that could easily be understood. He was intensely secretive. In 1924, when his wife sued him for divorce, the U.S. army cluck-clucked from here to Guam. No one, not even his most intimate friends, had known that he was married. It's harder to keep secrets like that in the army than along Tobacco Road: army wives are one big, gossipy family.

Later his fear that his child might be kidnaped inspired more cluck-clucking. He was in command of the Fourth Corps Area then, with headquarters at Fort McPherson near Atlanta, which is hardly the place where even the most ambitious kidnapers might

be expected to ply his trade. Yet he loaded his riding crop and ordered the child's nurse to carry it whenever she left the house with the youngster, if only to walk about the grounds.

Another eccentricity was the general's hatred of dogs. He not only hated them but feared them as well—despite his two Distinguished Service Medals. One afternoon while strolling about the post he encountered an exuberant fox-terrier pup, only five months old, who yelped and bounded playfully toward him. The general screamed and kept on screaming while he tried desperately to extricate the puppy from his legs. He finally succeeded in driving the animal off, then rushed for the safety of home. An hour later the adjutant phoned the dog's owner to get rid of him by eight o'clock the next morning. That day an order was issued barring *all* dogs from the fort. Thereafter new officers were informed upon their arrival to dispose of their pets at once.

On September 30, 1939 the major general retired. Ordinarily such an event may be good for two or three paragraphs in the newspapers. The major general's retirement made page one, for it was coupled with an outburst against the President, the New Deal

and certain mysterious forces who have compelled the army "to give preference to the applicant of certain definite class over and above his equally qualified fellow Americans." That last reference was as mysterious as the forces. It became less and less mysterious as time went on.

The secretary of war recognized the outburst for what it was: hysteria, occasioned by the general's failure to become chief of staff. He called it "flagrantly disloyal." Of course there was just no question about that, for the President is commander-in-chief of the army; but what does flagrant disloyalty matter if you hate That Man? On December fourteenth some 250 of New York's leading industrialists hustled into the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to hear the low-down on national defense from the major general's lips. They heard it.

"Where does the defensive weakness of the nation lie, you ask? My answer is, principally right in Washington, as our administration gives aid and comfort to our enemies who are operating within our very gates. . . . Our domestic enemies should be warned . . . not to excite the wrath of patriotic America, for once these patriots go into battle they will cure the disease definitely and make those massacres now recorded in

history look like peaceful church parades." There was more of this, ending with talk of setting New York and Washington afire. "It might be one way of reducing the bureaucracy," said Major General Van Horn Moseley.

The industrialists cheered.

If Fascism ever overwhelms the United States that speech will probably reverberate in grammar-school classrooms like the Gettysburg Address or Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death!" or Nathan Hale's last words: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country." Overnight it made the major general the white hope of the American Fascists, the man of the hour, etc. James True read it down in Washington; George Deatherage in St Albans, W. Va.; Robert Edmondson in Philadelphia; George W. Christians in Chattanooga, Tenn.; Robert Caldwell Patton in New York; Charles Hudson in Omaha, Nebr.; William Kullgren in Los Angeles. Everywhere the would-be right-hand men of the man who might be duce read the speech, and they sat down to write the general about their organizations. Some who could scrape up the fare left immediately for Atlanta, where the general resides at the Hotel Biltmore. They wanted the general to join up with

them. Off the presses rolled an ecstatic leaflet, written by Robert Edmondson and entitled: "Hail Moseley!" It read in part: "These vigilant legions have been crying for 'The Leader' who will show them how to drive the invader into the Atlantic and Pacific . . . Hail Moseley!"

Now these weren't quite the sort of people for whose support the major general was looking. He would have swapped their enthusiasm for two or three kind words from William Randolph Hearst. Perhaps he wanted to become the General Hugh S. Johnson of Mr Hearst's King Features. He may also have wanted Mr Hearst to boost him for the presidency. Apparently, however, the Sage of San Simeon has grown less impulsive with the years, for instead of scrambling onto the major general's band wagon he ordered his brightest young men in Atlanta, Washington and New York to dig into Van Horn Moseley's past and to ruminate about his future. They ruminated, with the help of exuberantly pro-Moseley editorials in the *National American*, which is published by the American National-Socialist Party, and in the *Industrial Control Reports* of Mr True. And they agreed that Mr Hearst should leave the major general strictly alone.

The field was clear for the peanut Fascist leaders. It was Robert Patton who grabbed him first. Mr Patton arranged for the major general to speak in New York under the auspices of some of the nation's most prominent anti-Semites: John Cecil, of the American Immigration Conference; John Snow, of the League for Constitutional Government; Joseph P. Kamp, of the Constitutional Educational League; Allen Zoll, of American Patriots, Inc. (Patriot Zoll has since been arrested for attempting to extort seventy-five hundred dollars from radio station WMCA.)

The major general said that he wasn't going to speak about the Jews. "If you use that word they say, 'You're persecuting me.'" He said: "There is the matter of the refugees. Why doesn't the Soviet Union invite the refugees to fill up her vast land? You will notice that I haven't mentioned the Jews. We must be careful, because anyone who mentions the Jews is branded anti-Semitic."

The general, it should be remembered, is definitely not anti-Semitic.

He couldn't help mentioning the Jews when he spoke before the national-defense meeting in Philadelphia on the night of March twenty-eighth, however, for he was talking about the possibility of war in

48 Fifth Column In America

Europe and, says the general, as everybody knows, only the Jewish bankers profit from war. (The general prefers to overlook the existence of non-Jewish bankers.) "The war now proposed is for the purpose of establishing Jewish hegemony over the entire world," he said. "Where is the money coming from? History will have to repeat itself, and we'll be compelled to re-establish the Jew in power and to borrow the money from him. . . . Your sons and mine (I have three) fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Communists of the Soviet Union and being paid with money borrowed, probably, from the Jews!"

Later in his address the major general defended the principle of army rebellion "if the administration went too far." He concluded by praising "the Fascists and Nazis in America."

"The finest type of Americanism can breed under their protection as they neutralize the efforts of the Communists," he said.

This speech floored even William Dudley Pelley, the goateed chief of the Silvershirts, in Asheville, N.C., and Mr Pelley is not easily impressed by anyone except Mr Pelley. Indeed, of all the Fascist leaders, he alone had once had ambitions that reached

as far as the White House; 1936 he actually ran for the presidency as the candidate of the Christian Party. Another candidate in that election was Mr Roosevelt. Possibly it was the fact that he didn't carry even Maine and Vermont that induced Mr Pelley to decide that Major General Van Horn Moseley should be his standard-bearer.

In New York Joseph E. McWilliams, of the Christian Mobilizers, decided that he wanted Van Horn Moseley for his organization too.

The competition was getting fierce; but, as usual, George Deatherage had an idea. They could all have Major General Van Horn Moseley if they could all unite. For this purpose he started the American Nationalist Confederation, "the official Fascist party," and he called on all the Fascist leaders to affiliate with it.

Some did: Jame True; Charles Hudson, who publishes *America in Danger!*; Mrs David Good, of Philadelphia; Gerald Winrod, of Wichita, Kans., who publishes the *Defender*; Henry D. Allen, of the White Guard; Mrs Leslie Fry, of the Militant Christian Patriots and the American League of Christian Women. Mrs Fry, who then published the *Militant Christian Patriot*, was really Mrs Pasquita de Shis-

marova, notorious agent of the German *Gestapo*, but more of her later. Mr Pelley wouldn't come in, nor would George Christians, but more of him later too.

Mr Deatherage faced three problems. To begin with, there was the major general: he was interested, but he just wouldn't tie up definitely with the American Nationalist Confederation. . . . Next was the problem of getting more organizations and more prominent organizations into the confederation. And finally there was the eternal problem of money. It would take money to make the major general dictator of the United States. Where could it come from?

Of course the major general was the least of Mr Deatherage's worries. He worked on him directly; he assigned Captain Campbell to work on him; and he asked his friends all over the country to write to Van Horn Moseley, urging the major general please to put all personal considerations aside, please to become dictator.

The money problem was tougher. And this is where the gonorrhea comes in. Mr Deatherage hoped to finance his Fascist movement by manufacturing something named Auramin, "the sure-fire cure."

It was Captain Campbell's idea originally. Captain Campbell had known Van Horn Moseley years be-

fore, when the major general was commanding the Fifth Corps Area. He knew of the general's passion to eliminate the disease from the army. He wrote the major general, reminding him of their past acquaintance, telling him that he, too, was now engaged in "patriotic work." Captain Campbell did not tell Van Horn Moseley that he was collaborating with Mr Deatherage in this work: that might have made the major general suspicious. Anyway, they met, and in the course of their discussion Captain Campbell showed the major general some reports that Mr Gilbert had sent to him. Captain Campbell also showed the major general his sure-fire cure, Auramin.

Captain Campbell's plan was to have the major general finance the manufacture and distribution of the compound. The major general was also supposed to use his influence to have the Public Health Service and the U.S. army's medical corps adopt it. Van Horn Moseley was interested. Captain Campbell undertook to form the company—the Dikon Company—while Van Horn Moseley went to see Malin Craig. The army still doesn't use Auramin. If the army did the United States Government would now be financing the movement to overthrow the U.S. Government.

There were other ideas for getting money. Cap-

tain Campbell pestered Felix McWhirter and Homer Capehart, leading Indiana Republicans. Mr Deatherage pestered Howland Spencer and Frazier Jelke, the oleomargarine king. Mr Spencer hates the New Deal so much that he sold his estate to Father Divine just to annoy Mr Roosevelt, whose Hyde Park estate is near by. He now lives in Florida, where he spends most of his time sending out Fascist literature. Mr Deatherage got two hundred dollars from him, then seventy-five dollars, then fifty dollars.

Captain Campbell found an even more sugary daddy in Mr Gilbert, who gave him eight thousand dollars. Again he was compelled to keep his connections secret, for Mr Gilbert hates George Deatherage intensely.

Richard Hallahan, the Republican National Committee man, promised some money but, according to Mr Deatherage, "he ran out."

Things finally got so bad that Mr Deatherage visited the German embassy in Washington, D.C. for advice. He wanted to know how Adolf Hitler got along during those early days when he, like Mr Deatherage himself, was down and out. Ulrich Freiherr von Gienanth, attaché in charge of public relations, told him that Hitler found the going pretty

tough until he began to show results. Then, said Mr von Gienanth, the industrialists "hopped on the band wagon." This was no consolation.

Here the double-crossing begins. It had taken months to get Van Horn Moseley in line. Now that Mr Deatherage was bogged down for lack of funds the major general began to waver. The patriots began to waver too. On the whole they hate each other as much as they hate the Jews; but they had been willing to overlook personalities and to get behind Mr Deatherage's plans for Van Horn Moseley as long as those plans looked promising. Now the united front started to crumble, and the scramble for Major General Van Horn Moseley began again. Mrs Fry invited him out to California: the Fascist movement on the West Coast was percolating merrily, and Mrs Fry had visions. She not only hoped to get the West Coast Fascists to unite around the major general, with herself as the general's good right arm; she even had plans for getting money from the Associated Farmers.

Mrs Rudyard Uzell, of Long Island, moved in, too, and Mrs Uzell is definitely no friend of Mr Deatherage and Captain Campbell. The story goes

back to 1937. Captain Campbell had two wealthy contacts in Pennsylvania: J. Howard Pew and E. T. Weir, of Weirton Steel. He and Mr Gilbert hoped to get some money from them. Mrs Uzell, an old hand in the Fascist game (she was formerly associated with Ralph Easley, of the National Civic Federation, who has been around long enough to become respectable), outsmarted them. She got to Mr Pew and Mr Weir first—in behalf of John Snow, of the League for Constitutional Government.

It was through Mrs Uzell that Major General Moseley first met Fritz Kuhn. She invited thirty-five or forty of the leading Fascists around New York and Philadelphia to meet with the major general. Among them was Mr Kuhn.

Even George Christians began to get interested. Mr Christians had remained aloof while all the other Fascist leaders were running after Van Horn Moseley. It will be remembered that he wouldn't come into the American Nationalist Confederation. Mr Christians is rather an eccentric sort of person. He runs an organization called the Crusader White Shirts, another called the Crusaders for Economic Liberty. Only Mr Christians, who is commander-in-chief of the first and president of the second, knows them apart. Some-

times he speaks of them as the American Fascists and the American Reds. Or maybe those are separate organizations too. Mr Christians seems to like to get people all mixed up.

He looks as much like Adolf Hitler as his barber can make him look—same haircut, same mustache. He doesn't hate Jews really, but he doubts if any Fascist organization can get very far unless it baits them. He once complained to James A. Farley: "We are running somewhat low in *enemies*. It is impossible, you know, to put over a REVOLUTION without a good supply of Raw Meat to feed the Hungry Mob." He wants Fascism because he wants to establish the Human Effort Monetary System which, he thinks, will "sweep the HYPOCRISY of the Misrulers of the World off the face of the earth." Let's not go into this Human Effort Monetary System too deeply: it would baffle an Einstein. Apparently labor is the source of all value, and everything should be priced in terms of labor, and the GOLD STANDARD must be abolished, etc. It all sounds pretty simple, though, when Mr Christians shows you his charts, in which SATAN equals Gold, and GOD equals Humanity; and Gold means inert materialism, war and revolution, murder and suicide, economic chaos, superstition,

tion, Death and HELL, while Humanity means self-preservation, race-preservation, Self equals Others, economic security, economic liberty, science, Life, HEAVEN. Mr Christians is forever writing letters to "The Dishonorable Martin Dies, Chairman of the House Conspiracy for Un-American Activities, Dear Dumb Dies . . ." or "Clyde R. Miller, Chairman of the New York Conspiracy for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, Dear Dusty Miller . . ." or "Hon. James Aloysius Farley, Votemaster General, Dear Sunny Jim . . ."

Mr Christians enjoys bedeviling the other Fascist leaders equally well; and he writes letters to Mr Deatherage, for one, addressing him as "Dear Tin Hitler," which is why Mr Deatherage has no use for Mr Christians. (Mr Deatherage is not without pride.) It's all right, however, because Mr Christians has no use for Mr Deatherage.

On May 1, 1939, Mr Christians met with Van Horn Moseley to discuss the situation that confronts the United States today and, in the words of Mr Christians, they found themselves "in perfect agreement." Said Mr Christians to General Moseley: "You can take it and dish it out." There aren't many people to whom Mr Christians would say that.

Nevertheless, Van Horn Moseley hasn't tied up with Mr Christians either.

That's how things stand today. If the Fascists can ever get together Major General Van Horn Moseley will probably be their man; but Mr Gilbert doesn't like Mr Deatherage, who doesn't like Mrs Uzell, etc. And besides, there is the ever-present problem of money: people with money are usually people who know how to make two dollars last forever; once they have it they hold on tight. Mr Pelley would like Van Horn Moseley for himself, but Mr Pelley is having trouble with the law right now. Mr Christians would like Van Horn Moseley too; but Mr Christians, well, Mr Christians . . .

If Mr Deatherage can ever get the money it will all straighten out. Most of the patriots will flock to him again. Van Horn Moseley, they hope, will be their standard-bearer. A nationwide Fascist party will get under way. If Mr Deatherage can ever get the money.



Promoter, Sucker, Publicist

III: PROMOTER, SUCKER, PUBLICIST

PERHAPS we shouldn't dismiss George E. Deatherage as casually as that. Mr Deatherage is descended from Drucilla Hatfield, of *the* Hatfields who fought that bloody mountain feud with the McCoys, which is West Virginia's most treasured contribution to American history; and down in the hills of West Virginia, where Mr Deatherage lives, Hatfields simply aren't dismissed, casually or not. The Vanderbilts of New York are *lumpen proletariat* compared with the Hatfields, Mr Deatherage would have you know. Whenever his patriotism is questioned Mr Deatherage has but to mention Drucilla, and the Knights of the

White Camellia, hillmen all, bow in reverent silence.

Of course there are those in the little town of St Albans—Communists, probably, or Jews—who say that all this Hatfield stuff is bunk. Mr Deatherage's accent is anything but Southern: it sounds just the least bit German, although one can't be sure; and these Communists and Jews (or maybe they're Jewish Communists) say: "No Hatfield ever spoke like that."

Mr Deatherage won't dignify such nonsense by denying it.

Drucilla Hatfield's descendant (we can forget about the slightly German accent) isn't West Virginia-born, which also gives the "Jewish Communists" in St Albans something to cackle at (but let's forget about the nasty subject too). He was born in Duluth, he says, and came to Charleston, the state capital, as construction superintendent of the vast and ever-growing Carbide and Carbon plant about eight years ago. It wasn't long before he was making friends all over Charleston and South Charleston and St Albans. He makes friends easily. Intelligent, smooth talking if somewhat ungrammatical and every-ready to stand drinks for the boys, he was invited everywhere—to dances, to dinners, to luncheon meetings of the local civic organizations, where he would occasionally

speak on "Americanism" or the need for "Constitutional Government." The usual after-luncheon stuff. He never took his wife along with him, always went stag; but that didn't matter, because he was as popular with the women as with the men. (Almost everybody called him "George.")

He might have gone along this way for years, eventually becoming mayor or running for the state legislature or even for Congress, but he "got ideas." That's how they put it down in St Albans: "George Deatherage got ideas." As Mr Deatherage explains it now, he began to "recognize the Marxist influence." He saw "thousands of good Americans deprived of their jobs by Communist strikes and decided that all this must stop."

Of medium height, chunky, with hair that lies in neat, gentle waves, George Deatherage was just about the last person in the world that anyone would have expected to "get ideas." He didn't seem to care for anything except clothes and food and parties. He was the man about town, the *bon vivant* of St Albans, immaculately dressed in sporty, expensive clothes. He could tell one wine from another, no mean accomplishment, especially in those pre-repeal days of West

Virginia moonshine. He went in for all sorts of delicacies in his eating. If there were any concerts or road shows in Charleston he was sure to attend—in full dress too. Urbane, bespectacled, there was little to distinguish him from any of the other solid citizens in town.

As everybody knows, people with ideas are certain to cause trouble. Mr Deatherage was no exception. He began to organize the men under him into the Knights of the White Camellia which, he now says, was originally started after the Civil War at the same time as the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan, says Mr Deatherage, was for the enlisted men in the Confederate army: the officers formed the Knights of the White Camellia. Maybe so. Mr Deatherage also says that while the Knights had not been active for years the organization never disappeared, which may be true if you want to believe it.

Soon the hills were swarming with Knights. Most of the men on the construction job were natives of the country, with all-American pedigrees going way back. Outsiders upset them; outsiders were "foreigners." It made no difference whether the outsiders were foreign-born laborers who had trickled into South Charleston looking for employment, or Jews, or

native-born Americans from New York or Philadelphia. They were "foreigners." If there had been any Communists around—the word is pronounced with the accent on the "you"—they would have been foreigners too.

Men like that accept violence as they accept the sun, the moon, the stars in the sky. The days of the blood feuds are gone, but among them guns are still more commonplace than electric toasters.

They revel in secrecy, mumbo-jumbo, pass words, mystical handclasps. How many Americans don't?

So there were attacks on Jews and the foreign-born throughout South Charleston. And there were stories of Knights strong-arming men at Carbon and Carbide who refused to join them. Carbon and Carbide was annoyed, because the Knights were disrupting the entire plant. "They said either to stop my activity with the Knights or else . . ."

"I quit," says Mr Deatherage.

He says that his salary at Carbon and Carbide was ten thousand dollars, which is perhaps an exaggeration, but perhaps not, for the construction project was huge: twelve million dollars.

Mr Deatherage has worked but intermittently since. The Knights take up much of his time, and the re-

mainder he devotes to Van Horn Moseley and to raising money. He also busies himself with sending out Fascist propaganda from Italy and Nazi propaganda from Germany, especially *World Service* and the publications of the Fichte Association. He still dresses nattily and spends money freely, which brings up the question: where does he get it? The chances are that he doesn't get much—just enough to live in his accustomed, flashy style—but not enough to finance an organization that could really go places. He gets it from the well-to-do like Mr Spencer and Mr Gilbert, who are willing to support him in comfort in the belief that he will save America . . . someday.

Once the suggestion was made that he also received money from Germany, and Mr Deatherage said: "I am not supported by Hitler, but if Hitler were to send me some money, why . . . I'd kiss him."

He probably would at that, but first he'd go out and buy some new clothes.

If you're looking for information about Dudley Pierrepont Gilbert the place to start is the social register, which says that Mr Gilbert is the son of Charles Pierrepont H. Gilbert, the internationally famous architect. His family has been in America since 1634.

Among his clubs are the Metropolitan, the Colony, the Racquet and Tennis. Other societies to which he belongs are the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Colonial Wars. His wife is the former Adrienne Margareta Iselin, daughter of Mr and Mrs Columbus O'Donnell Iselin, who also can be found in the social register. They live at the Mayfair House, which is 610 Park Avenue, New York.

The day may come when Mrs Gilbert leaves the Mayfair House for an uncompleted hunting lodge of native stone near Covington, Kentucky, while Mr Gilbert sallies into the streets to fight the Communists. If Mr Gilbert's waiter friend, "George Rice," has not misled him the day may come right soon.

It was six or seven years ago that Mr Gilbert's eyes first opened to what is happening in the United States. "A Jeffersonian Democrat," he saw that certain sinister forces were threatening our heritage, including the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and U.S. Steel. His family agreed with him, as did Lewis Gouverneur Morris, of New York, Pierson Scott, of Charlottesville, Va., and several other members of "the best American families." Together in April 1935 they formed an organization called American Nationalists, Inc., which, they hoped, would set

the country afire with patriotism and thereby save us all.

About four months later Mr Gilbert informed the newspapers that American Nationalists, Inc., already had five hundred thousand members, among them "men on the street." And, while he insisted that it was nonpolitical, he gave the organization credit for an upsurge of G.O.P. strength.

It goes without saying that his fingers were crossed when he saw the reporters. American Nationalists, Inc., never had five hundred members, to say nothing of five hundred thousand. The organization today is nothing but three old friends, meeting by accident in Times Square on their way home to dinner. Mr Gilbert embroidered the facts to get publicity, in the hope that publicity would bring the members running. It didn't, but it brought dozens of experts in the hate business, all with crusades to sell. John Snow was one; another was Colonel E. N. Sanctuary, an old hand, who shifted from straight anti-Semitism to Nazism after Hitler got to power.

Only Mr Gilbert knows who took him and for how much, and Mr Gilbert won't tell. It must have been plenty, though, for Mr Gilbert's eyes were opened even wider, and he concluded that some of

those engaged in saving America were nothing but two-bit racketeers. Naturally this disturbed him, and it made him wary. It didn't make him too wary, however.

Another even more disheartening experience was Mr Gilbert's discovery that Communism reaches into high places. Mr Gilbert isn't naming any names, but "you'd be surprised." Mr Gilbert is not Croesus. Although his wife and his father have money they were unable to finance his work completely, and Mr Gilbert was compelled to speak to friends in Wall Street. His friends somehow couldn't recognize the importance of what Mr Gilbert was doing. That was bad enough; but whenever Mr Gilbert met anyone who could recognize it someone would get to him just before the check was signed and say: "Oh yes. Gilbert's all right. Fine chap. Wonderful family. Too bad he's gone off half-cocked on this Communism thing." Somehow the checks were never signed.

In the summer of 1937 Mr Gilbert vacationed at Newport, R.I., and while there he met Captain Campbell and Mr Deatherage. It was not an especially pleasant meeting, for Mr Deatherage had no sooner been introduced than he asked for money. He didn't

get it. Those other high-pressure promoters of Fascism had taught Mr Gilbert never to contribute money to anyone unless he first satisfied himself concerning the man's sincerity. Mr Deatherage's insistence only made him obnoxious.

Captain Campbell, on the other hand, took no part in high-pressuring Mr Gilbert, and they hit it off together from the first. After that Mr Deatherage stayed in the background. Captain Campbell telephoned Mr Gilbert on his return to New York. There were several more telephone calls, letters. Finally they arranged to meet again. Mr Gilbert told Captain Campbell that he didn't like George Deatherage, who impressed him as being in the "save-America" movement only for the money. Captain Campbell said that he, too, realized this now and had therefore severed his connections with Mr Deatherage. This simply wasn't true. He and Mr Deatherage were still as thick as glue.

There were other things which Mr Gilbert had in common with Captain Campbell. "The Communists" were persecuting Captain Campbell too. He even blamed them for his divorce. Of course they had their work in common, so why couldn't they work together? To Mr Gilbert Captain Campbell seemed

perfectly sincere. Moreover, he didn't ask for money.

It was several months before Captain Campbell did ask for money; by then Mr Gilbert was sold on him and gave it readily. He gave him about five hundred dollars every month, and one month, April 1939, he gave him eighteen hundred dollars.

Now this is the patriotic work that Mr Gilbert and Captain Campbell were carrying on: every few days Mr Gilbert would send Captain Campbell some information about the "Communists," and Captain Campbell would mimeograph it and send the copies to some forty people, among them Mr Deatherage. Mr Deatherage used the bulletins as guides in plotting Van Horn Moseley's career, although he was never quite convinced of their reliability.

Mr Gilbert says that he received the information from one "George Rice" who, he says, was an employee of the Harmonie Club in New York. Nobody by that name ever worked at the club; and, if Mr Gilbert's story is true (and it does seem true), he was made the sucker in what is probably the oldest racket in this business of "fighting Communism."

All one needs to get in the racket is three cents, which is the price of the *Daily Worker*. As the official publication of the Central Committee of the Com-

unist Party, U.S.A., the *Daily Worker* naturally publishes news about the party long before the other newspapers do. In fact, most newspapers cover the party by reading the *Worker*. That, for example, is how they learned of the expulsion from the party of several members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, who didn't appreciate the fact that Mr Stalin insured the peace of Europe by signing his nonaggression pact with Adolf Hitler. It was from William Z. Foster's column on the editorial page that newspapers learned of the party's decision to discontinue its boycott-Germany propaganda. From the feature page they learned of Howard Rushmore's expulsion. *Gone With the Wind* merely bored Mr Rushmore when it should have enraged him.

Thus anyone who reads the *Daily Worker* can easily impress the uninitiated with his knowledge of intra-party affairs. His information unfailingly will be confirmed in the newspapers three or four days later, and it will seem as though he must be getting it "straight from the horse's mouth."

That is what "George Rice" did, padding his reports with other inside stuff which he just made up, which can only be described as fantastic but which nevertheless impressed Mr Gilbert, who paid him

ten dollars, fifteen dollars or twenty-five dollars for each report.

Now Mr Gilbert has three children whom he dearly loves, and when "Mr Rice" told him that revolution was imminent his first thought, naturally, was of protecting them and Mrs Gilbert. Fortunately Captain Campbell had an idea. Most of the fighting would probably take place in the cities along the West Coast and the Atlantic, where the Communists are most numerous, so why didn't Mr Gilbert build his refuge in Kentucky, which is populated largely by white Protestant Americans?

Kentucky seemed an ideal place to Mr Gilbert too; and then because Captain Campbell had been an engineer in the army he asked him to supervise the construction. Captain Campbell pointed out that people in the community might think it odd if Mr Gilbert built the house in his own name, and Mr Gilbert agreed with him. A New Yorker, suddenly moving in, would create gossip. Captain Campbell offered to let Mr Gilbert build the house in his, Captain Campbell's, name, an offer which Mr Gilbert did not fail to appreciate.

There may be those who consider the arrangement unbusinesslike, but Mr Gilbert says: "I've trusted Cap-

tain Campbell with my life, so why should I be afraid of trusting him with money?"

Why indeed? Especially when Captain Campbell now says that Mr Gilbert is mistaken in believing that he really will own the house. "The house will be mine," says Captain Campbell. Of course he will be only too glad to have Mrs Gilbert and the children use it when the fighting starts, but they will be living there as his guests, not as the family of the owner.

James True has been writing about the Jews for twenty years or more, which makes him easily the dean of the anti-Semitic propagandists in the United States. Now well in his fifties, thin and with sparse, gray hair, Mr True has lost the bluster of his youth and middle age. No longer does the visitor to his office in Washington, D.C., find Kike Killers and loaded revolvers lying around for use as paperweights. Mr True has mellowed. His voice today is low-pitched and quiet. He chuckles reminiscently about the boisterous Jimmy True of six or seven years ago, the Jimmy True who, for example, challenged General Hugh S. Johnson to eject him from his office. He chuckles most when he recalls that General Hugh S. Johnson did.

Somehow he remains aloof from the incessant squabbles which beset the Fascist movement in this country. As befits the dean of anti-Semitic propagandists he seems to get along with almost everybody. They all head straight for his office when they arrive in Washington, D.C. He ties up definitely with no one, yet manages to stick his fingers into every Fascist pie.

James True was the first of the Fascist propagandists to get on the Moseley band wagon. Mr True has been the most active of the Moseley publicists ever since.

An ex-financial expert, who like many another stopped experting in October 1929, Mr True has been publishing the *Industrial Control Reports* since July 10, 1933. These are confidential news letters (subscription rate: \$12) which give the low-down on what is happening in the capitol as Mr True sees it. Mr True, it might be added, sees it darkly, as through opaque glasses. The government of the United States, he believes, is only the mask behind which an invisible supergovernment rules the world (excepting Germany, Italy and Japan . . . of course). This invisible government is called the Hidden Hand.

(In *America in Danger!* Charles Hudson, editor,

describes the Hidden Hand as follows: "*alien-intl. finance-gangster-control.*" B'nai B'rith, says Mr Hudson, is the Hidden Hand's "intl. OGPU." He always writes it thus: HIDDEN HAND.)

Mr True believes that "Christian Nazism is the last bulwark of capitalism against Jewish Communism." Naturally he considers the New Deal "Communistic" and, therefore, dominated by Jews. He also distrusts the G.O.P., however, for the G.O.P. is also dominated by Jews.

"People may say I'm crazy," he admits, "but . . . I've been investigating, searching and exposing Jewish Communistic activities in this country for over twenty years, and the only proof I need is the incontrovertible one that all my predictions of the past two decades have come to pass."

Mr True started in Chicago in 1917 during the race outbreak there. "A little band of about 125 men" to which he belonged "practically broke the riot single-handed," he declares, "although there were thousands on the other side. . . . Yes, we killed over three hundred of them, although the Chicago police deliberately reported that only fifty were killed. . . ." Unfortunately Mr True himself missed "all the fun." His organization had sent him to New York three

days before the riot. "I was terribly put out by that," he says.

He tells all this calmly, matter-of-factly. A knock-down, drag-out fight between the "Christian Nazis" and the "Jewish Communists" is unavoidable, and so, he says, "the sooner, the better."

He invented the Kike Killer especially for that "inevitable conflict." A long club, designed for bashing in the skulls of Jews with quickness and dispatch, the Kike Killer is made in two sizes: the smaller for women. Mr True believes that company police will also find it effective for bashing in the skulls of strikers.

One thing more: It was Mr True who persuaded the other Fascist leaders to handle Martin Dies as gently as possible in their publications. Mr True assured them all that Mr Dies was really their friend and that he would not investigate them unless absolutely forced to. Political considerations might necessitate an occasional show of investigating the Fascists; but, in spite of this, "Dies has not sold out to the Jews," he said.

He spoke not without authority. Edward Sullivan, who served as Mr Dies's chief investigator for several months, had previously been associated with him.

78 Fifth Column In America

Mr Sullivan now works for the Ukrainian Nationalist Federation, another Fascist outfit, dedicated to bringing the Ukraine into Hitler's Third Reich.

As events have demonstrated Mr True was partially right. Thus Mr Dies never investigated the Christian Front, and the man-in-the-street was completely unaware of the organization's existence until seventeen members were arrested in New York, charged by the Department of Justice with plotting to assassinate ten congressmen, dynamite several buildings and thereby overthrow the government of the United States. For months there had been street fighting all over New York, sudden, vicious attacks on isolated Jews; but Mr Dies had been too busy, proving that housewives who try to get the most for their money are Communists.

Militants and Pussyfooters

IV: MILITANTS AND PUSSYFOOTERS

ALL NIGHT LONG they crowd into Donovan's Tavern: charwomen, truck drivers, shipping clerks, short-order cooks in coffeepots over by the docks. All night long they stand and talk. "Sure there's good ones . . . but I never met 'em." The red-faced matron laughs; she pounds the bar with her fist. The fingers are thick, wrinkled; the nails are chipped and black. "Sure there's good ones . . . but they're dead." She laughs again, then suddenly: "That's where they all should be, God damn 'em! Dead, God damn 'em! Dead!" She grabs her beer and gulps and wipes her lips on her wrist quickly.

He might be twenty, maybe twenty-one. His friends can't be much older. Somehow they all look

the same. The slums do that, it seems. The slums give them all the same gray look. They dress the same, too: no tie, collar unbuttoned, sleeves rolled above the elbows. "Gosh, I was disappointed," he says. "I sure missed him Sunday." His friend says: "What's the matter?" What's the matter? "They won't let 'im on the air, that's what. They won't let 'im talk no more." There are two girls with them, skinny girls, but pretty nevertheless. One girl asks: "Who?" He says: "Why, Father Coughlin, that's who. I used to listen to him every Sunday but they won't let 'im talk no more."

"I sure miss him."

All night long you hear the name: Father Coughlin, Father Coughlin. "That's what Father Coughlin . . . That's what Father Coughlin wrote." The bus driver off duty is talking about the war. "It's like this," he says. "They're desperate, see? They got to get rid of Hitler. That's why they start this war. Us Christians will do the fighting; so what the hell do *they* care?" How does he know? "Well, Father Coughlin says in *Social Justice* . . ."

We are in New York on West Fifty-ninth Street, just off Columbus Circle. This grimy saloon is where

the followers of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, the members of the Christian Front, hang out. Perhaps they have been meeting upstairs in Donovan's Hall, listening to Floyd A. Caridi talk about the war in Europe, unemployment, Communism, "atheistic Jews." Perhaps they have been looking at newsreels put together by seventeen-year-old William O'Connor—newsreels of *Social Justice* salesmen in Times Square, anti-Semitic demonstrations in Columbus Circle and shell-shattered churches in Loyalist Spain. Perhaps they have been on the picket line before station WMCA, shouting that Father Coughlin should be permitted to speak, even though he refuses to submit his speech in advance. Perhaps they have just been sitting at home—in railroad flats on Tenth Avenue or First Avenue or Amsterdam—just sitting, half stiff with boredom. No matter where they have been or what they have been doing they wander now into Donovan's for two or three lingering beers. Here in Donovan's they will meet their friends. Here they will talk, and others will listen and laugh and shake their heads in approval.

Donovan's Tavern is not their only hangout. Nor is Donovan's Hall their only meeting place. Uptown they sometimes meet at Ebling's Casino or Tri-boro

Palace or the saloons close by; and sometimes during the day you can find them at the Tri-boro playing rummy or poker for pennies—even for matchsticks, or you may find them at the *Social Justice Distributors' Club* on West Forty-third Street, killing time with talk. Sooner or later, however, they will all come into Donovan's. Stand there long enough, drink enough beer, and sooner or later you will see most every follower of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin in New York.

They're Irish mostly, though more and more Germans are coming into the movement, and you do find some Italians and some Poles. They're poor. They come from the slums. Many of them are young: seventeen, nineteen, twenty-four. Almost without exception the youngsters are unemployed. They have been to high school, and some are high-school graduates. Still they can't get jobs. Even if there were jobs to get they probably couldn't hold them, for they have never learned to work; they have never learned anything—except to play cards, to shoot pool and to fight. They like to fight: kids in the slums grow up fighting. They would like to work, too, but they don't know how.

The women among them are usually well into mid-

dle age. They are devout Catholics, fanatical in their devotion. They speak of Father Coughlin as though he were God; indeed, when they write letters of protest to newspapers and to station WMCA they sometimes write "He" and "His" in referring to him. They have worked hard all their lives; you can see that in their faces, in their red, wrinkled hands. The youngsters may speak in Columbus Circle and hawk *Social Justice* on street corners and picket "Jew stores" because that is one way of killing time. Not these women. Father Coughlin is the New Messiah, sent to lead them from this wilderness of depression, from slum tenements filled with the smell of cabbage and Monday's washing into the Promised Land. Father Coughlin will free them from "world Jewry" as Moses freed the Jews themselves from the Egyptians many years ago.

You find middle-aged men among the followers of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, too, but few of them are quite as fanatical as their wives. They read *Social Justice*; they attend meetings; they listen to Father Coughlin on the air. However, they just don't have the drive that most of the women do. The women go from meeting to meeting, from picket line to picket line. Generally they drag their husbands along. "Let's

picket WMCA now!" shouts the burly housewife in Columbus Circle. Her mild-mannered husband protests meekly. "Oh, you're tired!" she yells. "Father Coughlin gives his *life* for you. And you're tired!" She grabs him at the elbow and shoves him along downtown.

These people don't hate Jews. There are Jew haters among them, certainly, and especially among the Germans. They all talk of killing Jews, that is true. "Put 'em on reservations like the Indians!" they will shout. "Throw 'em in the ocean!" And they will laugh uproariously. That's funny. Someone will yell: "Sure, throw 'em in the ocean and pull the chain!" That's funnier still, and they will go into convulsions. Another line that slays them is: "Send 'em back to Europe in leaky boats!" They will speak of the Jews as "Tribesmen" and "Gefülte-fishes," as "Schnozzolas." A speaker will say: "Us Goys have got to show those Oi Ois . . ." The hall will rock with laughter.

Most of them really don't mean it. Get the eighteen, nineteen and twenty-year-old youngsters aside, talk with them about themselves, and they will tell you that if they only had jobs they wouldn't bother with

the movement. "Just give me twelve bucks per, that's all." If they had jobs they could parade down Times Square every Saturday night with their girls, take in the show at the Paramount maybe, then go somewhere to dance. Without jobs, without money, there is nothing else for them but street-corner meetings and street-corner fights with Jews who don't look too muscular.

They and their mothers and their fathers, too, live in poverty; they are beaten, without hope; even the Communists don't think much of them because they are the "slum proletariat." Why? Their leaders say: the Jews! They don't believe it really, but they like to hear it anyway. It makes them feel better.

They need to feel better. You would, too, if everyone told you that you were good for nothing, if mothers wouldn't let their daughters go out with you because you had no job; and what could *you* offer any girl? Around the *Social Justice* Distributors' Club it's different. Around the *Social Justice* Distributors' Club you will say: "Did I tell you how we fixed those Kikes last night?" Just watch the eyes pop. Someone else will make some crack about the "Eskimos," and everyone will laugh. So you'll make another crack, even funnier, and they will laugh even more.

This movement is vague, formless. Only the voice of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin holds it together. Without Father Coughlin, without *Social Justice*, the movement would evaporate. It started in May 1938 when Father Coughlin urged his followers to band together in platoons of twenty-five, which thousands did. Nobody can say with any degree of certainty how many platoons there are, for they have no close-knit organization. Self-appointed leaders start their own platoons, and somehow they stick together, united by their adoration of the Father.

Among those who started the first platoons were Mr Caridi and John F. Cassidy. Mr Cassidy is national commander of the Christian Front. A clerk, he studied law at night and passed his examinations just before he was arrested in the gun and cordite plot to overthrow the government of the United States. (He was later acquitted.) Other leaders in the early days were Marcel Honore, who apparently has since left the organization, and Walter Ogden, lay secretary of the Paulist Fathers. Until March 1939 the members of the Christian Front met at the rectory of the Paulist Fathers, which is right up the street from Donovan's Hall. Joe and Harry Thorne also organized platoons.

They now run what they call the Christian Labor Front, which is composed mostly of transport workers.

Members of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* soon moved in. They seemed to serve the same function within the Christian Front that Communists have served within many liberal and labor organizations: they were the militant, disciplined minority who, as the Communists say, "activized the others." Allen Zoll, of American Patriots, Inc., moved in too. Mr Zoll, who came originally from the Midwest, was later indicted for attempting to extort seventy-five hundred dollars from the manager of station WMCA. Most of his followers appear fairly well off; many are obviously wealthy. At one time he was engaged in propaganda in behalf of the Japanese government. Among his lieutenants is A. Cloyd Gill, former Hearst reporter, author of *The Other Sixty Families*, which attempts to prove that Jews control the country. (Mr Gill, incidentally, was another of the patriots whom Van Horn Moseley first met at the home of Mrs Uzell.)

There was George Van Nossdall, rare-book dealer and onetime leader of the Crusaders for Americanism, Inc., which has perhaps three hundred or three hun-

dred and fifty members, virtually all either German or Dutch. Mr Van Nosdall left the Crusaders for Americanism when romance came into his life. He also left his family, which created an uproar among the Crusaders, who are good, churchgoing people, mostly in their forties. His wife hailed Mr Van Nosdall into court, while his son Willis took over the leadership of the organization.

On the fringe of the Christian Front gathered some highly respectable people: Merwin K. Hart, of the New York State Economic Council; Borough President George U. Harvey and Judge Herbert A. O'Brien, of Queens; two Jersey City judges; Patrick F. Scanlan, editor of the weekly diocesan paper, the Brooklyn *Tablet*; Father Edward Lodge Curran, of the International Catholic Truth Society. They spoke at meetings of the Front or meetings held in co-operation with the Front. They spoke from the same platforms as Mr Cassidy and Mr Caridi.

Historically movements like this always experience internal friction in their early stages. They have no well-formulated philosophy; they have too many leaders; they split up into warring camps, reunite, then divide again. The split in the Christian Front began one year after it was organized. Several of the platoons

formed what they call the Christian Mobilizers.

The Mobilizers are the Trotskyists of the Christian Front. They are the self-styled "militants." The other members of the Christian Front they deride as "pussyfooters."

The split is over the Jews. The others believe that some Jews are good, that only the "atheistic, Communistic Jews" and the "international Jewish bankers" are bad. The Mobilizers say that all Jews are bad. Of course Father Coughlin himself draws some distinction between "good Jews" and "bad Jews." Father Coughlin dismisses charges of anti-Semitism by saying that he attacks only the "bad Jews." However, the Jews themselves don't believe that Father Coughlin is attacking only the "bad Jews." And neither do the Mobilizers.

Originally every speaker made the distinction, and the Coughlinites would listen dead-pan. Then some began to wonder, and you would hear snickers at the phrase "good Jews." Speakers, playing for the gallery, might wink, and the snickers would break into laughter. After meetings people would gather at Donovan's Tavern and talk: are there really any "good Jews?" And there would be long, heated arguments. Those who said that all the Jews were bad got to

gether under the leadership of Joseph E. McWilliams and organized the Christian Mobilizers. They were in the minority, but they were also "militant." They had no use for the "pussyfooters." Most of them were youngsters; they were tough, and they went in for street fighting. They began to attract other youngsters like themselves, and soon they dominated the movement, though still in the minority.

They were too riotous for the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, and he repudiated them. After that whenever Mobilizers walked into Christian Front meetings they were greeted with hoots and catcalls. However, the arrest of the seventeen Christian Frontists is serving to reunite the movement.

This man Joseph E. McWilliams undoubtedly is the most capable of the self-appointed leaders in the Coughlin movement. Many of the others are small-time gang leaders, with criminal records, illiterate and ungrammatical. Mr McWilliams is well-educated, has organizational ability. What is more, he can talk. He rages perhaps, but he whips crowds into fury. Even Jewish newspapermen who have covered his meetings speak of him respectfully. His followers actually choke with admiration.

Mr McWilliams is about thirty-eight, neither Irish nor Catholic. He was born, he says, in Oklahoma and is part Indian. Dark, good looking, he dresses well, though he sometimes goes around unshaven. He boasts to his followers of his superior education, his superior intelligence, his superior ability. He speaks vaguely of being an engineer, of holding thirty-odd patents: "I was an industrial designer, also did some inventing."

His opponents say that Mr McWilliams was once in the Communist Party. He roars denials. He says that, "I studied Communism for over five years, but I never was in the party." Once he explained: "In 1929 I felt the effect of the crash, became convinced that our problem was political. I became a liberal, then studied Marxism intensively, but I never joined any of the parties at the left. A boy I had known who studied Marxism with me was killed fighting for the Spanish Loyalists. That made me mad . . . brought me to this . . . I have nothing against the Jews personally, although some of my associates feel differently. I simply agree with the founders of Zionism; I would have no part in what is ordinarily called persecution, but I believe the Jewish problem must be faced."

As for his objectives: "I am searching the heart of America to see what the people want. People in their hearts are full of resentment. I want to bring it out."

His denial of the charge of Communism is probably true, for anyone who can talk as well as Mr McWilliams would have gone far in the Communist Party. He really does know something about Communism, though, and none of the other leaders in the movement do. They don't know what Fascism is either, although they are unconscious Fascists all.

Nevertheless, Mr McWilliams is having trouble. He was friendly with Fritz Kuhn and invited speakers from the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* to his meetings. (The bund, too, draws no distinction between "good Jews" and "bad Jews.") However, the Irish Catholics in the Christian Front have always disliked the Germans, first as Germans and secondly because of the persecution of their church, especially in Austria. Now Mr McWilliams has joined the executive committee of the Ku Klux Klan. He undoubtedly sees greater possibilities in the Klan than in the Coughlin movement, rightly so, for this country is overwhelmingly Protestant. Whether he can keep his Catholic followers in line while he co-operates with

so anti-Catholic an organization as the Klan is doubtful.

Of the other leaders in the Coughlin movement Edward Westphal is among the most prominent. A member of the executive advisory committee of the Christian Mobilizers, he, too, is connected with the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*. Mr Westphal's hatred of the Jews astounds even the Mobilizers. He becomes almost incoherent when he talks about them. A reformed burglar, he was first arrested in September 1936. His last conviction was in August 1939 for disorderly conduct. His favorite cry is: "This country needs another Franco or Hitler!"

A fellow member of the executive advisory committee of the Mobilizers is Joseph Hartery. Small, runty, Mr Hartery is nevertheless fearless. The members of the Christian Front usually don't fight unless they outnumber their opponents. Mr Hartery will take on anybody. Once in night court, while several Mobilizers were being tried for defacing shop-windows, newspapermen caught him pasting anti-Semitic stickers on the walls under the magistrate's nose. He was first arrested in January 1932 for procuring, which, incidentally, was the chosen profe

sion of Horst Wessel, the Nazi martyr. He also has been arrested for brawling and for indecent language.

Another ex-burglar is John Zitter, former captain of the Christian Mobilizers' Guard Unit. This is the strong-arm squad. Members of the Guard Unit are like the Storm Troopers of the National Socialist Party in Germany, although they don't wear uniforms as yet. They drill, practice rifle shooting, boxing, wrestling and street fighting.

Present captain of the Guard Unit is John Olivio, who began his career by stealing automobiles. His last term in the penitentiary was for rape.

Some of the minor leaders: Edmund Vincent Burke, street-corner speaker, who often serves as chairman of Christian Front meetings, was once arrested for breaking and entering, but was later released; William O'Connor, the unofficial photographer of the Christian Front, was expelled from Evander Childs High School for pasting "Buy Christian" stickers on classroom walls; James Dowling, though not yet twenty, is considered the "up-and-coming leader of Christian America," talks earnestly of economic justice and political equality and speaks of the need to save other youngsters like himself "from the blandishments of the Communists."

Father Coughlin's magazine, *Social Justice*, is sold on newsstands throughout New York and by street salesmen on every corner along Forty-second Street from Times Square to Fifth Avenue. The New York circulation manager of *Social Justice* is Bernard D'Arcy, but the central distribution agency is the *Social Justice* Distributors' Club, of which Carl Pinkston is the head. The club is Mr Pinkston's business. He employs thirty-five young Irish boys (these are the members) to sell the magazine around the city. They get three cents on each sale; Mr Pinkston is supposed to get two cents; his crew manager, Nick Agayoff, who is Russian, one cent. All thirty-five salesmen don't work at the same time; perhaps half will go out into the streets, while the others sit around, talking of the day when they will "drill the Jews with bullets."

During the winter fifty thousand copies of *Social Justice* are sold in New York. In summer the sales drop to perhaps thirty-five thousand. Around the country some three hundred thousand copies are sold, virtually all in the big industrial cities where units of the Christian Front have been formed.

Naturally the sale of *Social Justice* in the streets of New York has caused trouble, especially since most

of the salesmen intersperse the shouting of headlines with the shouting of imprecations against the Jews. Lurking near the salesmen are often members of the Guard Unit, ready to pounce on anyone who might stop to argue. The incidents are endless. A teacher remonstrates with someone hawking the paper in front of her school. "Here's another Communist; send her back to Russia," shouts the salesman. Other Coughlinites rush in, jostle her, knock her down. A store-keeper comes to her defense. "Lynch the Jew!" they shout, knocking him down too. . . .

A girl is walking along the street. "Jew bastard," mutters the *Social Justice* salesman on the corner. A bystander grabs his papers, slaps him with them. So the fight starts.

The reason for provoking these recurrent disorders is, seemingly, to project the "Jewish question" into the popular consciousness. Every night the Coughlinites hold street-corner meetings throughout New York and the same kind of street brawls occur. When Jewish organizations hold counter meetings or sell anti-Coughlin publications in the streets the Coughlinites gather around, yelling "Kike" and "Communist" and "dirty Jew." In most cases they are not arrested; when they are sentence is usually suspended.

The Coughlinites have two other tricks for starting trouble. A salesman for *Equality*, the anti-Coughlin magazine, will suddenly be surrounded by several middle-aged women. One yells: "That Jew spit on her!" Another plays the injured victim, while the rest alternately sympathize with her and cover the salesman with abuse. The salesman, of course, protests his innocence—for all the good that it does him. The second trick is played with children. A little boy with two or three copies of *Social Justice* under his arm starts to weep piteously. "What's the matter?" ask bystanders. "A big Jew hit me," sobs the child. Women cluck and shake their heads: those Jews! An hour later the little boy is standing on another corner, weeping: "A big Jew hit me!"

There are some nineteen thousand policemen in New York. Perhaps twelve thousand of them are Irish Catholics. If the police cracked down on the members of the Christian Front the disorders would stop. The police don't, because the members of the Christian Front are Catholics too. Indeed, the Coughlinites boast that at least six thousand members of the force are members of the Front, which is nonsense. Still the situation is serious enough for Lewis J. Valen-

tine, the police commissioner, to have warned his men against pampering the rioters.

While the Coughlinites demonstrate without molestation the police arrested one girl for carrying signs quoting the late Cardinal Mundelein's repudiation of Father Coughlin, another with signs quoting the Pope's attack on racism. A man is arrested for the same offense, and the officer tells him: "You people have gone too far, and we are going to stop you." In Rockaway Park an *Equality* salesman is set upon by members of the Christian Front, who knock him down and kick him. While the salesman is lying on the ground three policemen stop by. One smashes him with his club; the others just watch.

Commissioner Valentine takes swift action when he learns of such incidents, and they are becoming more and more rare. More and more at meetings of the Christian Front members are warned to "look out for McGurk, the rat." They are told: "Don't trust louse Callahan." Patrolmen McGurk and Callahan, it develops, have arrested Coughlinites for street fighting.

July 27, 1939: The Christian Mobilizers are meeting at Tri-boro Palace. It has been raining all day; yet

there are four hundred men, women and children in the hall. Two huge tables are covered with anti-Semitic literature: one exclusively with *Amerika-deutscher Volksbund* pamphlets; the other with *Social Justice* and with Silvershirt publications. At the door the membership committee meets, taking dues. (The dues are twenty-five cents per month; the application fee is one dollar.) The strong-arm squad lines the walls, silent, just looking. Mr Hartery is talking.

It seems that Mr Hartery was arrested the other day on the charge of inciting to riot. A frame-up, he says, and he won't appear in court tomorrow. "A Jewish magistrate" is sitting. No, says Mr Hartery, let them arrest me for contempt of court. There are some Christian judges in this city, and I'll come before one and I'll get justice. The crowd roars approval. Mr Hartery gets confidential. I just changed my church, he says. My priest—he calls himself an Irishman—doesn't like Father Coughlin, the "greatest patriot in the United States." There's an Italian priest down the block who does like Father Coughlin. I'm going to his church. A doctor on Washington Heights was telling Mr Hartery about the German refugees. They are taking away his business, and he wants the Chris-

tian Mobilizers to hold more demonstrations on Washington Heights. "We'll be there," yells Mr Hartery. "The medical profession is the one we're going to attack next."

Mr Westphal speaks. He talks about civil liberties. The Jews have crushed freedom of speech. "Don't worry," he says. "We'll get the power someday, and then guys with my type of mind will get back at them. . . . And that little Red stinkweed down in City Hall, if that mongrel thinks he can stop us then he's got another think coming. . . . No little bum like Fiorello LaGuardia, not even the biggest of them all, I mean Franklin Delano Roosevelt, can stop us from exercising our constitutional rights."

Now Mr McWilliams: He starts very slowly, talking about his plans for organization. The membership lists, he says, are being filled with veterans of the World War, members of the Irish Revolutionary Army, veterans of the Italian army, members of the National Guard, the marines. "We are peaceful Christians," he shouts. "We have our work, and we'd much rather work in peace, but we'll fight if we're goaded. I'm not inciting anyone to riot. My boys won't touch one hair of anybody's head, but I can't expect my boys to see their constitutional liberties

violated by the Communists and their stooges. We'll not stand for this heckling much longer. If the courts won't give us justice we'll take justice into our hands. We'll be fighting in self-defense. And I know that every man here will fight."

This is the regular "Coughlin line." It was developed by him in his radio sermons on "the Franco way." It rests upon the belief, real or alleged, that an undercover Communist revolution is already under way. The Communists are secretly taking over the government, the Christian Frontists maintain. In order to protect "our constitutional liberties" they must seize the government themselves and destroy the Communists.

Mr McWilliams talks of nationalism. The founding fathers were nationalists, but we have degenerated into an internationalist nation, led by the greatest internationalists of all—the Jews. "We are the wealthiest people in the world; yet we have poverty and unemployment. Something is wrong somewhere." He speaks of the United States that could be, that will be when our natural resources are fully exploited: people taking one month off from work in the winter, another in the summer, riding about the countryside in brand-new automobiles, enjoying "God's own coun-

try." And he asks: "Why don't we have it now? Simply because those in power don't care for America. We here do. You can bet on that. We are willing to fight, to die for America.

"America for Americans!" he roars. "And to hell with the internationalists!"

July 29, 1939: Motion pictures sponsored by the *Social Justice Distributors' Club* are being shown at Donovan's Hall. There will be six performances; this is the first. Admission is twenty-five cents: three thousand tickets have been printed.

Some two hundred and fifty Coughlinites are sitting in the hall. At least three hundred others were turned away.

William O'Connor is the commentator. He put the film together from old newsreels and from shots that he took himself around New York. Cowboy scenes, brief scenes from American history, the seizure of Czechoslovakia flash by. The President is booed; there is silence when Emperor Hirohito walks across the screen; Chamberlain is cheered (remember, this is July 1939); Anthony Eden, Fiorello LaGuardia and Cordell Hull are booed. Adolf Hitler: the crowd goes wild, screaming, "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!"

All the while O'Connor talks. An *Equality* salesman is shown. "Look at that beak," he says. The crowd moans: "Oi, Oi!" Pictures of policemen: "The cops are working for us. You can't deny that. All the cops are for us." The College of the City of New York: someone calls out, "The synagogue on the hill." A demonstration of the Christian Front: people recognize themselves and their friends and point at the screen and laugh.

A collection is taken up. Mr McWilliams speaks for three or four minutes, describing the land of plenty that we could have if his nationalist program were adopted. The audience leaves, jostling and joking.

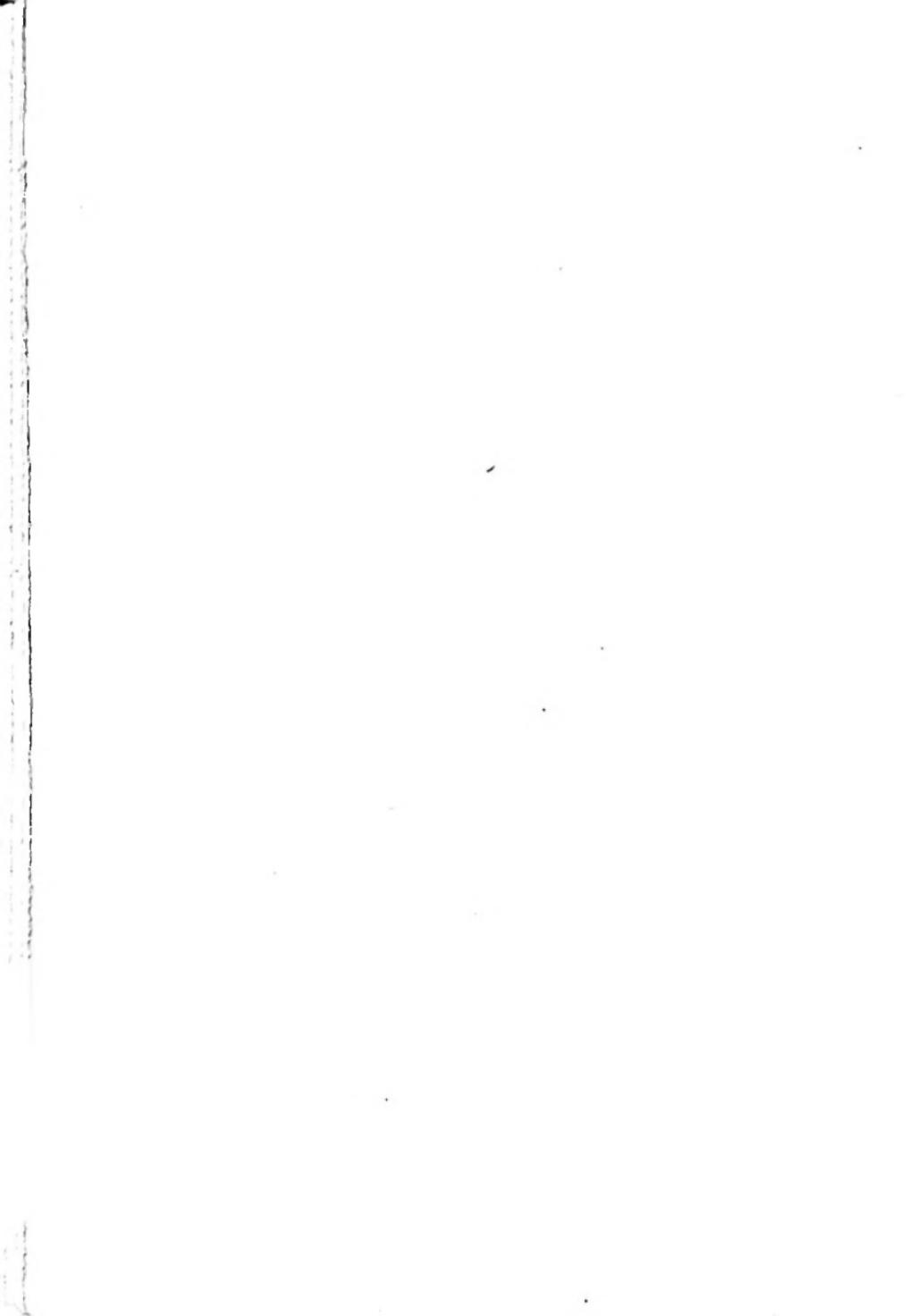
Later in Donovan's Tavern O'Connor says that he bought his first motion-picture camera nine years ago, when he was only eight, and has been taking pictures ever since. "I ain't much now," he says, "but someday I'll be right up there with the big shots."

Such is the Coughlin movement in New York. And such is the Coughlin movement in every industrial city in the East and the Middle West—in Boston, Philadelphia, St Louis, Milwaukee and St Paul. In Detroit, Father Coughlin's home town, however, the

movement is almost nonexistent. In Royal Oak, the suburb where the Shrine of the Little Flower is located, Coughlinites are nearly as scarce as mastadons.

Perhaps it's because they know Father Coughlin in Detroit.

For Christ and Coughlin



V: FOR CHRIST AND COUGHLIN

OPPOSITE THE SQUAT, gray Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak, Mich., stands the Super-Shrine Service: brakes tested, also oil. Across the crucifixion town, 150 feet high—the cross which no Klansman will ever burn—is carved the figure of Christ, surrounded by the Archangels Michael, Gabriel and Raphael. Down in the basement are soundproof offices, where upward of one hundred stenographers hammer at typewriters while addressographs click and mimeographs whir.

A strange conglomeration this: cars fixed; souls

fixed; social, economic and political systems fixed; all by the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin.

The man himself is sleek, with fat, pink cheeks and two chins, going on three. He smiles often, almost never laughs. He smokes incessantly. He paces the floor when he talks. Often he talks so energetically that he begins to sweat. In public he talks with an outrageous brogue that is half-Irish, half the Lord knows what.

He doesn't use the brogue in conversation. It's something very special, reserved for sermons and similar occasions.

Most of his parishioners call him "The Mad Monk of the Shrine of the Silver Dollar."

A master of the *non-sequitur*, the double, redouble negative and the yes-but, the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin is living proof that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. He believes that labor should organize but that it should not organize against capital; advocates democracy in one speech and totalitarianism in another; denounces capitalism but assails socialism. He denies being anti-Semitic; in the same breath he attacks the Jews. He quotes the notorious *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, although he does not defend their authenticity. He denies being pro-Nazi

or pro-Fascist but says that his principles of social justice are being put into practice in Germany and Italy. He says that public utilities should not be owned privately, but he does not believe in nationalizing them either.

He made his reputation by reviling Henry Ford but hobnobs with him now; claims much of the credit for organizing the United Automobile Workers but has charged the leaders of the U.A.W. with being "atheistic Communists."

He believes that Bernard M. Baruch's middle name is Manasses, because he likes to compare him with the prince of that name who is supposed to have dismembered Isaiah. The story of Manasses cutting Isaiah in half is legendary, as the *Catholic Encyclopedia* points out. Anyway, Mr Baruch's middle name is Mannes. Don't tell Father Coughlin that, however. It would spoil his theory.

This sort of man is Father Coughlin:

On January 1, 1940, *Social Justice* said: "Father Coughlin is the only spokesman of . . . the Christian Front." Two weeks later, when seventeen Christian Fronters were arrested in New York, charged by the Department of Justice with plotting to overthrow the government of the United States, he denounced

the movement and disclaimed any connection with it. The following Sunday he said: "I do not dissociate myself from that movement."

He and Louis McFadden, the late congressman from Pennsylvania, were the best of friends. A member of the Silvershirts, with no claim to distinction except that he delivered the first anti-Semitic address ever heard in Congress, Mr McFadden helped Father Coughlin in writing many of his radio sermons. Other sermons Father Coughlin submitted to Mr McFadden in advance for editing and suggestions. One afternoon in December 1931 Mr McFadden called for Herbert Hoover's impeachment and thereby ran smack into the busiest hornets' nest of his political career. He called on his good friend to come to his rescue. "Of course," said Father Coughlin, and he promised to defend Mr McFadden in his very next radio address. Came Sunday, and this is what Father Coughlin said: "McFadden should be expelled from Congress for making such charges against our President."

Another friend was Homer Martin, then president of the United Automobile Workers. It was Father Coughlin who brought Henry Ford and Mr Martin together in the negotiations whereby Mr Martin once hoped to unionize the whole Ford Motor Company.

It was also Father Coughlin who made public Mr Martin's private, off-the-record comments to him on the other leaders of the U.A.W. Once those comments appeared in print Mr Martin's chance of retaining control of the organization dropped to minus infinity.

Given the choice between singing Leon Trotsky's praises in Red Square and calling Father Coughlin just plain "Coughlin" in Donovan's Hall or Ebling's Casino, anyone in his right mind would sing "Hail Trotsky!" In Detroit, however, there are priests who omit the Father when talking about him, and some will insist that you do too. Unlike the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia and even St Louis, which bend over backward to avoid trouble with the radio priest, the Detroit papers tear right in, with fists clenched and eyes agleam. The Detroit *Free Press* especially dislikes him: it has so annoyed Father Coughlin that he recently sued it for libel. (He dropped the suit before it reached the courts.) As far back as 1934 the A. F. of L. unions were slinging at him the epithet "Fascist." The one thing which the Detroit A. F. of L. and C.I.O. have in common today is their detestation of the man.

This does not mean that no Fascist movement exists

in Detroit today. On the contrary. Detroit was the birthplace of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, and the organization is still powerful there among the German-born. Detroit is also the present stamping ground of the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith. A rip-roaring, hell-raising preacher of the old revival-meeting school, Mr Smith was formerly associated with the Long machine in Louisiana; indeed, when Huey died he took over the Share-the-Wealth clubs. Soon reports from the back country began to reach Seymour Weiss that Mr Smith was "cussin' the Jews." Mr Weiss told Mr Smith in just so many words to "get the hell out." Mr Smith, who is nobody's fool, "got." It has since been reported by George Christenberry, once Huey Long's private secretary, now director of public relations for the state of Louisiana, that Mr Smith and William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, "have an understanding."

(Incidentally, Father Coughlin and Mr Hearst also seem to have "an understanding." The radio priest has consulted with the publisher on several occasions and has even been entertained at San Simeon.)

There is never enough *lebensraum* for two would-be fuehrers. Although Father Coughlin was chummy enough with Mr Smith when the latter first came to

Detroit the men are now bitter enemies. Father Coughlin, who usually speaks of his enemies in the unctuous tones of the small-town spinster busybody, virtually bristles when he speaks of Mr Smith. The Louisiana rabble-rouser is now on the air himself and is quickly outstripping Father Coughlin in Detroit.

If Father Coughlin is without honor in his own home town, however, in other cities there are literally hundreds of thousands who hang on every word. They parade in wind and snow, crying his name; they stand on street corners, day in, day out, shouting headlines from *Social Justice*. The American Institute of Public Opinion has reported that three million five hundred thousand men and women in the United States listen to him on the radio every Sunday, that fifteen million listen to him occasionally. Sixty-seven per cent of the regular listeners and fifty-one per cent of the occasional listeners approve of him; they say: "He knows what he's talking about."

In spite of Detroit Father Coughlin is the Horatio Alger story of the depression.

His parents were American, but Father Coughlin is not. He was born in Canada and lived there until 1923. If his parents registered him with the American

consulate at birth he could establish American citizenship with little difficulty. Otherwise he would have to apply for citizenship papers like any immigrant. He can never be President of the United States.

He went to school in Hamilton, Ont., first at St Mary's Parochial School, then at St Michael's College. At the age of twenty he was graduated from the University of Toronto. It was in Toronto, Canada, that he was ordained and near by, at the Assumption College in Sandwich, that he took up teaching. He taught for several years, coaching football on the side. (His official biographer says that he always kept his pockets stuffed with pebbles, which he would throw at laggard players.) Three years of assisting other priests in Detroit and Kalamazoo, Mich., followed. In 1926 he was assigned to Royal Oak.

There were only twenty-eight Catholic families in Royal Oak then. Father Coughlin built an unsubstantial little church for them of wood and shingles. No sooner was it completed than neighboring Klansmen set crosses afire in the little churchyard. Father Coughlin is reported to have said to himself: "I shall build a cross which they shall not be able to burn." Hence the huge crucifixion tower.

One week later he announced to his parishioners

that he intended to broadcast his sermons. His story now is that he was inspired by the sight of the flaming Ku Klux crosses to fight "bigotry." In view of his anti-Semitic utterances this may sound ironic, but Father Coughlin is like that. Actually he went on the air (over station WJR, which then was owned by the Detroit *Free Press*) at the suggestion of Frank Ward, Detroit press agent, in order to clear up the debts of his parish.

From the first he flavored his sermons with economics, politics and sociology. His ideas on economics were rather strange: his ideal was the economic society of the thirteenth century, and he often spoke of what he called "the glories that characterized the thirteenth century." His opposition to banking was almost religious in nature, based upon the belief that usury (in the medieval sense) was the root of all evil. He still believes that government bonds should not bear interest; apparently it has never occurred to him that people would not buy government bonds if they were noninterest bearing.

His sermons were mildly popular, but nobody paid much attention to his economic theories. For these were the years of the boom: 1927, 28 and 29. Prices, wages and profits were soaring. Politicians were say-

ing that Americans had conquered the problem of the economic cycle, that never would there be another crash, never another depression. Steel was up one point at the opening, and this stuff is straight off the boat, and my broker tells me . . .

Who cared about economics in 1928?

October 1929: the crash. And now people *did* care. They began to notice Father Coughlin. They began to write letters to station WJR, commenting on what Father Coughlin had said—not about religion, but about business and finance.

At first he didn't quite catch on, but the letters poured in—hundreds of letters, thousands of letters—all of them about the depression. People were losing their jobs, their homes, their farms, their savings. They wanted to know why. In 1930, therefore, Father Coughlin decided to expand, organized the Radio League of the Little Flower and bought time on stations in Chicago and Cincinnati. Moreover, he revamped his radio technique. No longer would he serve his listeners religion flavored with economics. Now he was going to give them economics flavored with religion. More letters poured in. People couldn't get enough of Father Coughlin; they clamored for more. And they sent money. The dollar bills piled up.

Father Coughlin was banking as many as twenty thousand one-dollar bills at one time.

The dollar bills piled up, and Father Coughlin expanded still further. He was now on sixteen key stations of the Columbia network. Meanwhile the depression was getting worse. Deflation swept onward. Now deflation has always meant hard times for the Midwestern farmer: it means low prices. Throughout American history the farmer has demanded inflation, "easy money." Father Coughlin was for "easy money." He wanted "to restore silver to its proper value." Just what its proper value was he never did quite say. Nevertheless, the farmers of the Midwest knew what he was talking about. He was talking about inflation. So the letters continued to pour in, and with them came money.

Father Coughlin said that if "Hoover prosperity" were to return it would bring with it another World War. One million two hundred thousand letters are reported to have flooded his office, commenting on that speech.

Father Coughlin denounced J. P. Morgan, Andrew Mellon, Ogden Mills and Eugene Meyer as "the four horsemen of the Apocalypse." Six hundred thousand letters are said to have come in.

Father Coughlin trained his guns on Wall Street, on the speculator, on the "international banker." Deflation and Wall Street are inseparably linked in the mind of the Midwestern farmer and small businessman. Since the days of Alexander Hamilton American bankers have fought with American farmers over the question of "sound finance." A generation ago the Democratic Party was torn apart by that issue, by the phrase, "Cross of Gold." It was the banker who caused deflation, many people thought; it was the banker who stepped in and foreclosed on the farmer when deflation made it difficult for him to pay taxes and interest —the hated "international banker."

On top of that America's whole banking structure was crumbling. All over the country banks were closing their doors, never to reopen them. "Small people" were losing their savings. Hatred of bankers grew.

So Father Coughlin's attacks on the bankers were popular, that is, with almost everybody but the bankers themselves and the big industrialists. The *Free Press*, which had put Father Coughlin on the air, turned against him. E. D. Stair, publisher of the *Free Press* and leading Detroit banker, called him "an ecclesiastical Huey Long." Mr Stair's bank, the First National, had just closed down.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was in the White House, swept into office by the same popular upsurge that had swept Father Coughlin to fame. The Reverend Charles E. Coughlin was denouncing the "international banker." President Franklin D. Roosevelt was driving "the money changers from the temple." Father Coughlin was for Mr Roosevelt "one hundred per cent." He shouted: "Roosevelt or Ruin!" He commuted between Detroit and Washington, conferring with Raymond Moley and other members of the "brain trust." Old friends, the radio priest had told Mr Roosevelt on March 4, 1933, "You won't see me any more. This Roman Collar won't do you any good around the White House." Nevertheless, he was knee-deep in the New Deal. Sunday after Sunday he declaimed: "Roosevelt or Ruin!"

He was at the height of his popularity. Three young priests took care of his parish while he took care of the country. He employed his own brain trust, who combed books and pamphlets and government documents for material to help in the writing of his speeches. About one hundred and fifty clerks and stenographers were on his staff, the staff of the man who once had said:

"I am neither Republican, Democrat nor Socialist.

I glory in the fact that I am a simple Catholic priest endeavoring to inject Christianity into the fabric of an economic system woven upon the loom of greed by the cunning fingers of those who manipulate the shuttles of human lives for their own selfish purposes."

There were some facts about "the simple Catholic priest" that were rather difficult to explain, however. The *Free Press* revealed that Father Coughlin, while denouncing Wall Street, had at the same time been playing the stock market. The *Free Press* called it "speculation." Father Coughlin said that he merely had made "an investment." The government published the names of those who held silver, and it was revealed that Father Coughlin, through his secretary, held more than anyone else in Michigan: five hundred thousand ounces. Father Coughlin had said: "The restoration of silver to its proper value is of Christian concern. I send you a call for the mobilization of all Christianity against the god of gold." To many it seemed as though Father Coughlin had been less concerned about Christianity than with private gain.

Disillusionment swept away many of his followers as the full story of his speculation in silver was re-

vealed. Newspapers traced both the speculation and the propaganda for "Christian" monetary reform to George LeBlanc, an investment counselor, and Robert Harriss, commodity broker. Father Coughlin began to criticize organized labor. In the Detroit automobile factories, where he once had been worshiped, the workers called him "Fascist." He was on the down-grade.

Yet he could still rally millions. Never has Washington seen as many telegrams as flooded the capital when he made his attack on the World Court. Postal Telegraph and Western Union simply couldn't handle them. Messenger boys delivered them literally by the basketful.

No sooner did he break with the New Deal, however, than his following began to evaporate. It took Father Coughlin nearly two years to make the break. In the autumn of 1934 he already was grumbling to friends, though on the air he still declaimed "Roosevelt or Ruin!" That winter the Detroit *News* reported that he was flirting with five anti-New Deal organizations—the Committee of the Nation, the National Grange, the American Farm Federation, the National Farm Union and the Sound Money League.

This he denied, but his speeches were getting more and more critical of the administration. In 1935, attacking General Hugh S. Johnson, he reiterated his phrase "Roosevelt or Ruin!" Nevertheless, as Raymond Gram Swing was to write shortly afterward, his support was "certainly not convincing."

The final break came in 1936 during the presidential campaign. Father Coughlin announced his support of William Lemke. He declared: "Roosevelt *and* Ruin!" And he blasted the President with insults. He called him "that great betrayer and liar, Franklin Double-Cross Roosevelt." He was forced by his church superiors to apologize. In September he called the President "the anti-God." The Archbishop of Cincinnati was outraged and publicly rebuked him. In October he called the President "scab." Again he was forced to apologize. Monsignor John A. Ryan accused Father Coughlin of misquoting the Pope's encyclicals; Father Coughlin accused him of being in the employ of the New Deal. Father Coughlin announced:

"If I cannot swing at least nine million votes to Mr Lemke I will quit broadcasting educational talks on economics and politics."

Of course Mr Lemke didn't get one tenth of that

number. His total vote was exactly 891,858. On November 7, 1936, after the election returns were in, Father Coughlin said:

"I am withdrawing from all radio activity in the best interests of all the people. I am doing this without attempting to offer one alibi, thereby proving that my promise is better than my bond."

Neither Father Coughlin nor anyone else could buck the New Deal in 1936. Father Coughlin tried, and it drove him into obscurity, temporary obscurity, yes, but rankling nonetheless.

This sort of man is Father Coughlin:

In 1937 he was right back on the air.

The New Deal tide had been receding. That was evident. To some the New Deal was possibly too radical; to others not radical enough. And there were still others, who didn't think in terms of radical or conservative, who simply felt that for some reason the New Deal hadn't been working, that it simply wasn't the answer to America's problems. Many of these people went back to Republicanism, as the 1938 election returns were to show. Others remembered only too well the days of Herbert Hoover, the Hoovervilles and the attempt to cope with unemployment.

by eating apples. They felt that if the New Deal wasn't the answer neither was the G.O.P.

It was to such disillusioned New Dealers that Father Coughlin (his word is better than his bond) now addressed himself.

His new theme: Fascism.

Now it must be admitted that Father Coughlin has always leaned toward Fascism. The medieval economic theories, which suffused his early radio talks, have their modern counterpart in the economics of the corporate state. Anyone who can believe in guilds as the ideal form of economic organization can also believe in the corporative system of Italy under Mussolini. Anyone who admires the feudal system of serfdom can find much to admire in the agricultural setup of Germany under Hitler. Moreover, Father Coughlin had been associated in his activities with such people as Congressman McFadden and Harry Jung, of the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation. Mr Jung was among the founders of the Right Cause Publishing Company, which publishes some of the juiciest anti-Semitic literature in the country, after the style of Julius Streicher. Or consider another of Father Coughlin's associates: Newton Jenkins, who managed William Lemke's campaign. Mr Jenkins has

participated in conferences with Fritz Gissibl and Walter Kappe, of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, William Dudley Pelley, of the Silvershirts, and George W. Christians, of the American Fascists and the American Reds.

Nevertheless, before coming back on the air in 1937 Father Coughlin sounded less Nazi than Farmer-Laborish, and such ordinarily acute observers as Marquis Childs were convinced of his liberalism, although Mr Swing believed that "... More nearly than any demagogue in America he (Father Coughlin) has the formula for a Fascist party . . ." Occasionally Father Coughlin would attack the Jews; more often he would attack the Communists; but rarely did he link the Jews with the Communists as the Nazis do, nor were his attacks on the Jews particularly direct. Although he may not have been quite militant in his defense of democracy, neither was he especially critical. On the whole he stuck to issues that have traditionally agitated the farmers and the lower middle class: specific issues, traditional American issues.

Soon, however, Father Coughlin was to make no bones about his love of Nazism and Fascism, nor about his contempt for democracy. On November 6, 1938, for example, he declaimed contemptuously on

the manner in which democracies "glorify the magic of numbers." Discussing the French Revolution, he said that "a new king was set upon the throne of Notre Dame in Paris—the king symbolizing the magic of numbers, the king which said, 'Mankind is king and the majority opinion shall prevail.' " This "magic of numbers"—democracy—he blamed for having "religiously kept religion out of government and fanatically denied the entrance of Christ's principles into economy, business, industry and agriculture."

In like manner did *Social Justice* comment on August 1, 1938:

"Democracy! More honored in the breach than in the observance.

"Democracy! A mockery that mouths the words and obstructs every effort on the part of an honest people to establish a government for the welfare of the people.

"Democracy! A cloak under which hide the culprits who have built up an inorganic tumor of government which is sapping away the wealth of its citizens through confiscatory taxation."

And on several occasions, before and since, Father Coughlin has come out flatly against our form of government, urging that we scrap the Constitution of the

United States in favor of the form of government which now exists in Fascist Italy, the corporate state.

Increasingly Father Coughlin has adopted the Nazi technique of shrieking "Jew!" and "Communist!" Thus he reprinted in *Social Justice* the long-discredited *Protocols of Zion* to prove that "world Jewry" is plotting to enslave the people of every other religious faith and that "Jewry" created democracy, capitalism, the gold standard and the freedom of the press for this reason. Only recently Father Pierre Charles picked the *Protocols* to pieces in the *Nouvelle Revue Théologique*, published by the Jesuit faculty of theology of Louvain. And the Catholic magazine *America*, commenting on his article, said: "*America* took a positive stand on the *Protocols* many years ago, finding them to be an outrageous forgery." So Father Coughlin in reprinting the *Protocols* did not at first dare to defend their authenticity. Instead, he merely said that *Social Justice* readers might find them of interest. Later he said that while the *Protocols* might not be authentic they were nevertheless "factual."

On November 20, 1938, Father Coughlin went on the air to charge that it was the Jews that created the Soviet Union and that Jews were behind the Com-

unist movement everywhere. Here again was the Nazi technique, as leading Catholics, Jews and Protestants were quick to point out. Father William C. Kernan, writing in *The Nation*, charged that Father Coughlin had based his speech in part upon material supplied by *World-Service*. The Catholic weekly *Commonweal* attacked Father Coughlin's "all too pious acceptance of propaganda from a party whose Fuehrer boasts his machine is based on huge lies." Alfred E. Smith joined the attack. So did Frank J. Hogan, president of the American Bar Association.

Father Coughlin's address was sensational, not only because it echoed the Nazi folderol about the Jews but even more because of the distortions, exaggerations, misquotations and outright misstatements of fact which it contained. He said that only three of the fifty-nine members of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party were non-Jews. Actually the Central Committee has nearly twice fifty-nine members and virtually all of them are non-Jews. He quoted statements from "the official White Paper issued by the English war cabinet in 1919." Nobody else who has examined the document can find the statements there. "A report" of the U.S. Secret Service was quoted. According to Frank J. Wilson, chief

of the Secret Service, the report simply doesn't exist. He misquoted the *American Hebrew* by injecting three words of his own.

If Father Coughlin's speech was badly received in the United States he might, perhaps, have found solace in what the Germans and the Italians said about it. Otto D. Tolischus, staff correspondent of the *New York Times*, reported on November 27, 1938: "The German hero in America for the moment is the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin. . . ." On January 16, 1939, the Associated Press reported from Rome:

"The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin of Royal Oak, Mich., received Fascist praise and thanks today from the *Regime Fascista*, the newspaper that has led the attacks on the Vatican in the dispute over the Italian anti-Semitic measures."

Nor was it only Father Coughlin's espousal of Fascist economics and Fascist propaganda which recommended him so highly to German and Italian newspaper editors. He was espousing Fascist methods too. For several months his followers in New York and elsewhere had been organizing the Christian Front. Now, in *Social Justice* as well as over the air, he was urging the Christian Front to gain power "the Franco way." On July 30, 1939, he sounded "a call to action."

Said he: "The Christian Front organization is not a debating society—it is an action society. . . . We will fight you in Franco's way . . . We'll fight you, and we'll win."

In Father Coughlin's Utopia no president or duce or fuehrer would so much as brush his teeth without Father Coughlin's permission. Members of Congress and Parliament would all be his personal representatives. Industrialists wouldn't even think of passing out dividends unless they consulted him first. If Father Coughlin were to suggest it they would, of course, raise wages immediately. Just as quickly, and even more gracefully, would labor accept pay cuts if Father Coughlin thought it best.

Yet Father Coughlin would hold no office, no position of power. He would remain the "simple Catholic priest."

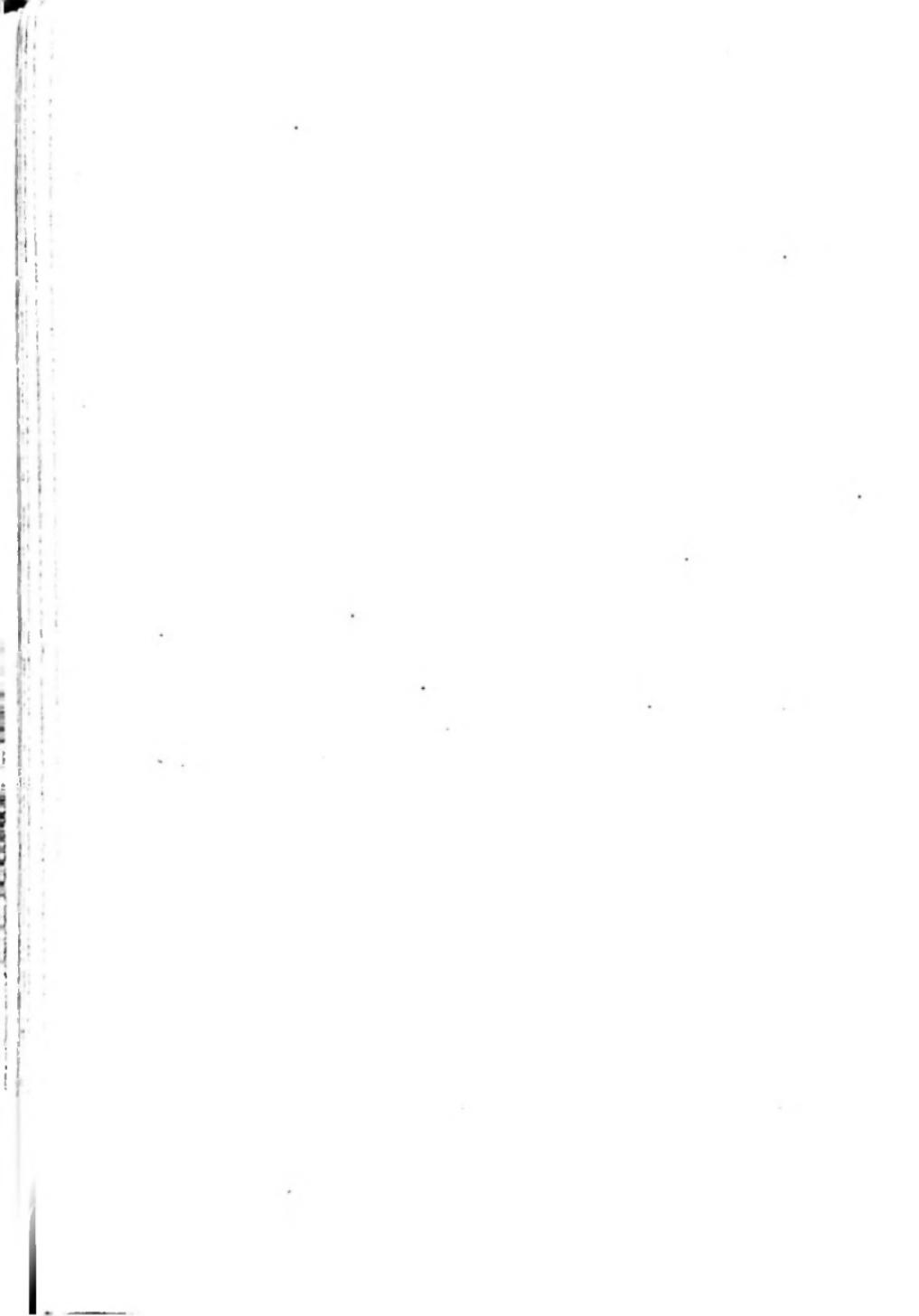
Father Coughlin has never said as much, but that is the impression which he inevitably leaves with his interviewers. He talks of congressmen and senators as though he alone were their constituency. He seems positive that legislation which he opposes will be defeated simply because he opposes it.

He talks of men in high places who cannot move

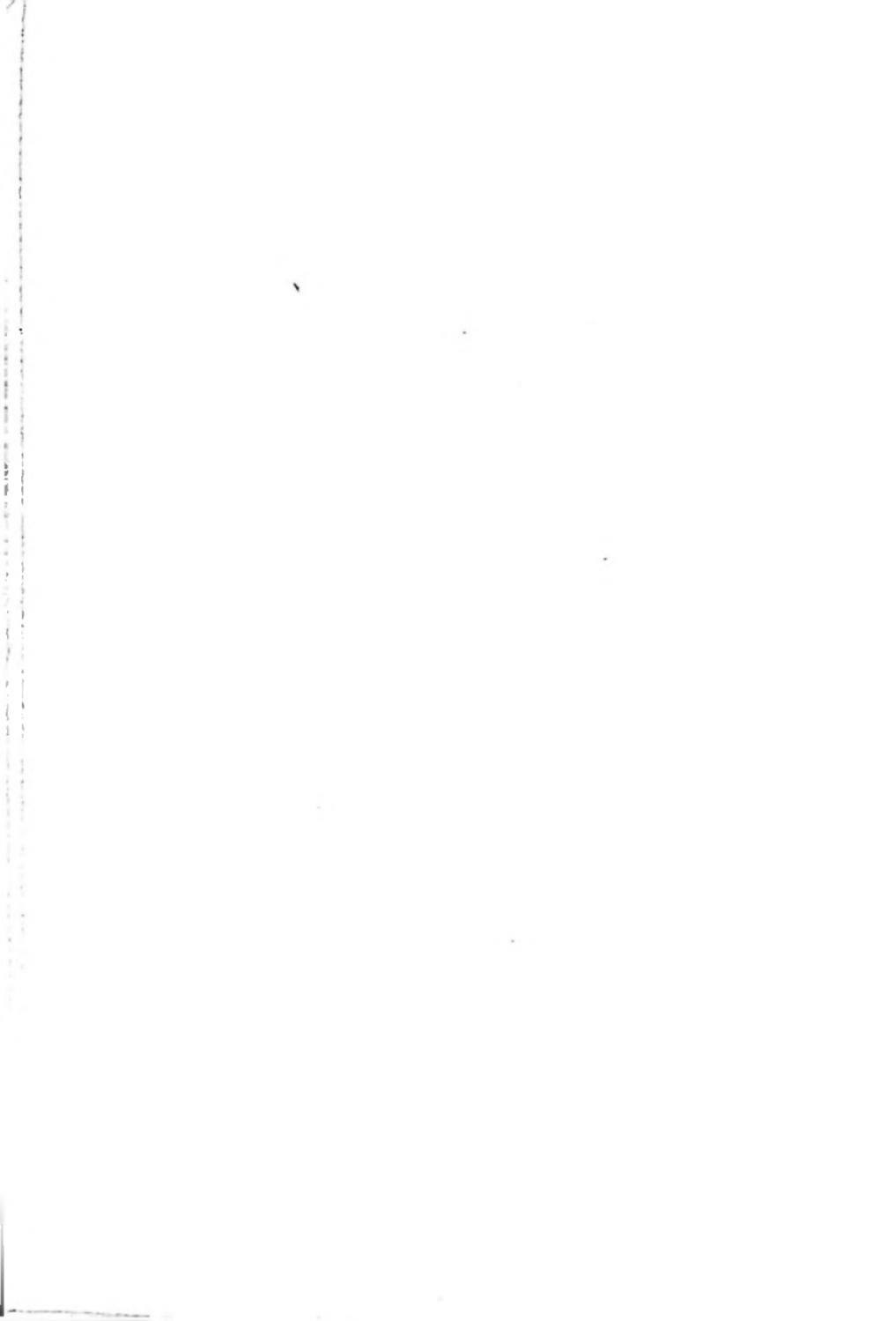
without him, men in places so high that merely the mention of their names would rock the nation. He talks as though Royal Oak were Delphi, as though he, Father Coughlin, were the oracle.

He does not conceive of himself as the leader but as the *spirit* of the Christian Front. He willed it. His voice gave it life. His voice is the voice of all Christian America; through him Christian America speaks. The Christian Front is, therefore, not merely an organization but Christian America itself, uniting at last to re-establish the Kingdom of God on earth, as the Holy Roman Empire was the Kingdom of God on earth before democracy, capitalism and Protestantism united to destroy it.

Father Coughlin is not unaware that his new Holy Roman Empire would look surprisingly like National Socialism. His only criticism of National Socialism is Adolf Hitler's conflict with the Vatican. He probably is not unaware that his concept of himself as the voice of Christian America is equally like Hitler's *fuehrerprinzip* merely Catholicized. There is little of which Father Coughlin is unaware.



“Annie” Has a Conscience



VI: "ANNIE" HAS A CONSCIENCE

His NAME is Anastase Andreivitch Vonsiatskoy-Vonsiatsky, and he calls himself "Count" Vonsiatsky; but in the Eddystone plant of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia the workers called him "Annie." This was in 1922, when Mr Vonsiatsky was an unskilled worker himself, learning the business from the ground up, preparing for that happy day when Leningrad would be St Petersburg again, with another "Little Father" ruling over "all the Russias," while Mr Stalin waited on tables and Mr Molotoff clerked at night in second-rate Paris hotels. That day would see Mr Vonsiatsky back in St Petersburg as the representative of the Baldwin Locomotive Works,

and there would no longer be any question about the "Count." And nobody would dare call him "Annie" then, and certainly no worker.

Mr Vonsiatsky no longer is employed at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and he never did learn the business; yet he still has plans. On his wife's estate in Thompson, Conn., uniformed men drill with guns, and more guns are in the basement, stacked along the walls. Mr Vonsiatsky still hopes to see Mr Stalin waiting on tables in Paris, but he now hopes that it will be "Fuehrer" Vonsiatsky who rules over "all the Russias."

His organization is called the Russian National Fascist Revolutionary Party; it extends all over the world, and it has close ties with other Fascist organizations in Germany, Italy, Japan, Mexico, France, Manchukuo and the United States. It has money, too, for Mrs Vonsiatsky is the former Marion Ream, divorced wife of the wealthy Chicago lawyer, Redmond D. Stephens, and daughter of Norman Bruce Ream, the late multimillionaire. She is worth about seven million dollars—and not in rubles either.

A pleasant chap, this Mr Vonsiatsky, who spent the summer and fall of 1918 at Yalta in the Crimea, slowly torturing people to death after first stealing

their money. The Germans were in control of the peninsula, and Mr Vonsiatsky, together with several other Czarist officers employed by the puppet-Tartar government, roamed the countryside, making nightly raids upon the homes of those "suspected of Bolshevism." Their suspects were preferably men "with caviar," which is Mr Vonsiatsky's poetic way of saying men with money. However, they sometimes tortured men "without caviar" too.

All this no doubt sounds incredible, but Mr Vonsiatsky has told about it himself in the Russian-language newspaper *Posledniya Novosti*, published in Paris. His article was entitled "Notes of a Monarchist," and it appeared in the issue of June 24, 1921. The editor, Paul Miliukov, who served as foreign minister in the Kerensky government, called it "a human document," which is praise indeed.

A young boy, this one without caviar, was kidnaped, although his mother got down on her knees and tearfully begged for his life, protesting his innocence of "Bolshevism." He was marched along the beach; fortunately his lack of caviar made his torture brief. After playfully tormenting him, inflicting the maximum amount of pain with the minimum of trouble, his executioners simply pushed their revolvers

in his face and got it over with. The bullets "hit the head, and the skull burst to pieces." One of Mr Vonsiatsky's friends was greatly perturbed, because "pieces of brain matter were splattered over the chest and sleeves of his mackintosh." He cursed: "To hell with him; let's go!" Off they went, says Mr Vonsiatsky, "to pour down the rotten feeling" with vodka. Mr Vonsiatsky says that at times "my conscience bothered me."

Another victim: Khesman-Zelensky by name, who did have caviar. He was beaten over the head, shoulders and back with guns. A bayonet was shoved into the soft part of his leg, "blood gushed . . . the bayonet penetrated deeper and deeper." His torturers ordered him to confess that he was Jewish. He gasped: "I confess . . ."

The bayonet was now almost through his leg, but neither Mr Vonsiatsky nor his friends were satisfied. Mr Vonsiatsky grabbed the man's hands, while another of the band stuck needle after needle under his fingernails. "He emitted a few more terrible cries and lost consciousness . . . Half dead, he was dragged into the park, to the sea. The two days later the sea threw out near Yalta a human corpse, all cut up, all needled. The face could not be distinguished."

In the fall of 1920 Mr Vonsiatsky fled the Crimea, with the Red army hot on his trail, and headed for Paris, stopping off at Constantinople just long enough to regain his composure and scrape up the fare. Paris was swarming with Russians: half the *Almanac de Gotha* lived by driving cabs, and several pages more were getting their quota of calories by washing dishes in hotels. Mr Vonsiatsky, who could do neither, ate rather sparingly, it would seem. One day he collapsed in the street from malnutrition.

It was during his stay in the hospital that Mrs Stephens and he first met. So Mr Vonsiatsky says. A romantic story, if true. Mrs Stephens has said that she met the “count” at the home of friends in Paris. Her story is not so romantic, though it may be somewhat truer.

She was forty-four, and he was twenty-two. It was love at first sight.

In the summer of 1921 Mr Vonsiatsky arrived in New York to start life anew, having borrowed the passage money from Eliot C. Bacon, of J. P. Morgan and Company. Someone in Paris had given him letters of introduction to Samuel Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works; and Mr Vauclain, after hearing Mr Vonsiatsky describe his qualifications, of-

ferred him an unskilled worker's job in the chemical laboratory of the Eddystone plant. This Mr Vonsiatsky was only too glad to accept. He kept the job for six weeks, driving to work every morning in Mrs Stephens' limousine. Then his engagement to Mrs Stephens was announced.

He said: "I love Mrs Stephens very much." She added: "Happiness is not a matter of money. I expect to be very happy." She told reporters that once the honeymoon was over they would make their home in Ridley Park, N. J., so that Mr Vonsiatsky could return to his job. "He is going through all the various departments," said Mrs Stephens. "His employers want him to do that, I believe, so that if the Czar's government is restored, which Anastase believes will happen, he will be equipped to become the company's representative."

It must not be thought for one moment that Mr Vonsiatsky married Mrs Stephens for her money. On the contrary, he was even wealthier than she. Of course his estate in South Russia—his immense estate—was temporarily in the hands of the Soviets; but come the counterrevolution . . . No indeed, Mr Vonsiatsky was extremely wealthy. He was merely short of cash.

On February 3, 1922, they were married. The ceremony was Greek Orthodox, and it was reported that Mrs Stephens had decided to embrace Mr Vonsiatsky's faith. And they did live at Ridley Park for several months thereafter, and Mr Vonsiatsky did resume his work at the Baldwin Locomotive plant, joining the Ridley Park fire company on the side. Planning to overthrow the Soviet government is really no part-time job, however; so Mr Vonsiatsky was eventually forced to choose between Mr Vauclain and "the Little Father." He chose "the Little Father," quit the Baldwin Locomotive Works and went to live on his wife's estate at Thompson.

He announced that Mrs Vonsiatsky would take part in the invasion of the Soviet Union when it began. He said: "My wife will conduct a canteen. Oh, she is brave."

There are remnants of the White Army in almost every country in the world. Mr Vonsiatsky, therefore, is constantly on the move. He pops up today in Paris, tomorrow in Berlin, Tokio, Harbin. It was in Harbin, for example, that he laid down "the party line" on the "Jewish question" in 1934. After squabbling for days with his "fellow combatants" he an-

nounced in *Nazia*, his Manchukuoan newspaper: "Having taken into consideration that the All-Russian Fascist Party is operating in the United States, a country governed by Jews and Masons, we decided that it is yet premature to raise the Jewish question." Mr Vonsiatsky has since taken great pride in the fact that "in my party there is no Jewish question." It sets him off from the American Fascists, he believes.

His most recent visit to Germany was occasioned by the *Gestapo*'s decision to ban his party there. Just why the *Gestapo* so decided is hard to say: there were rumors that Donat Kunle, Mr Vonsiatsky's secretary and editor of his American paper, *The Fascist*, was part Jewish; there was talk of Jews in Mr Vonsiatsky's family closet too. However, these rumors apparently were concocted merely to give the *Gestapo* an excuse for cracking down. Possibly the whole trouble was the old trouble of *lebensraum*: there is never enough for two Fascist parties.

Mr Vonsiatsky discussed the problem with Alfred Rosenberg. The *Gestapo* was adamant. They would overlook the rumors only if Mr Vonsiatsky would establish his residence in Germany. Mr Vonsiatsky doesn't like Fascism *that* much, however.

His most frequent visits are to Paris, for that is

where the White Russians are thickest. His newspaper there is the monarchist fortnightly, *Chasovoy*, "the organ of liaison of Russian military living abroad." It was in *Chasovoy* that Mr Vonsiatsky announced proudly: "According to the order of the President of the United States, Herbert Hoover, of March 17, 1930, A. A. Vonsiatsky is entered as a lieutenant into the Officers' Corps of Separate Reserve." He was proud of his membership in the National Guard; but in 1934 he resigned—in protest against the New Deal, no less.

Here in the United States Mr Vonsiatsky has concentrated on propaganda among the Russian-born, though not with any breath-taking success. On Decoration Day, 1938, he and several of his "fellow combatants" went to South Canaan, Penn., to speak to members of the local Greek Orthodox Church: they were chased from the church amid cries of "Nazis! Germans!" Among the members of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, however, Mr Vonsiatsky has been somewhat more popular. He and Mr Kuhn, of Sing Sing, are old friends. So are he and James Wheeler-Hill, Mr Kuhn's Russian-born former right-hand man. On May 21, 1939, he visited the *Volksbund* Camp Siegfried at Yaphank, L. I., in the com-

pany of Mr Kuhn and Mr Wheeler-Hill; and, dressed in uniform, he announced: "It was not only a pleasure —it was a great honor, indeed, to march at the side of your brave leader." Several months later the brave leader was arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct while returning to New York from Mrs Vonsiatsky's estate.

Among Mr Vonsiatsky's other American friends are Henry D. Allen and Major Frank Pease, who distributes the Russian Fascist Party's literature along with his own. Mr Vonsiatsky also may have some connection with the Silvershirts, for he reprints William Dudley Pelley's articles in almost every issue of *The Fascist*.

Some additional facts about Mr Vonsiatsky: During the civil war in Spain he ran arms to Francisco Franco. He says that in September 1934 he supplied the Connecticut State Police with tear-gas bombs, for use against striking textile workers. His birthday is supposed to fall on the same day as that of Peter the Great. His wife believes that he will rank in history with Napoleon, Mussolini and Hitler. The Department of Labor is now investigating his application for citizenship to determine whether or not the naturalization officials knew of his activities in the Crimea.

An ungrateful Connecticut State Police department is equally anxious to know why the arsenal is in his wife's home.

Another Russian is Peter Armstrong, born Peter Afanassieff, once known as Prince Kushubue; but an ex-convict by any other name is still an ex-convict. The charge was forgery. The place, San Francisco. The sentence, eighteen months.

Peter Armstrong was among those who collaborated with Harry A. Jung in establishing the Right Cause Publishing Company. He was Mr Jung's secret agent Number 31. (Mr Jung's associates sign their letters with numbers. Mr Jung, himself, is secret agent Number 1.) At first it was called the Patriotic Publishing Company, and the paper which it printed was called the *Gentile Front*. Later, when the company was reorganized, the name of the paper was changed to *The American Gentile*.

"A semimonthly publication for the defense of Traditional American Gentile Culture and Civilization against the Powerful and Highly Organized non-Gentile Subversive Minority having its criminal expression in a militant anti-American alliance of International Capitalism, Communism, Socialism and

destructive Liberalism." That was how *The American Gentile* described itself. The editor was Captain Victor DeKayville. Its most astonishing story: that John Wilkes Booth was in the pay of international Jewish bankers when he shot Abraham Lincoln.

Germany in America



VII: GERMANY IN AMERICA

THEY ARE SOLID, middle-class Germans, red-faced and roly-poly from eating so much solid, middle-class German food, and their English is thick and tortuous. Most of them came here after Versailles, in '22 and '23, when there were no jobs in the Fatherland, only inflation and civil war. It wasn't democracy that brought them. Democracy? The word stirs up the memory of the Germany that was after the Kaiser fled to Doorn: worthless paper marks and women digging into garbage cans for scraps of food . . . and machine guns rattling in the streets, the streets that were so clean, so quiet, with trees everywhere, so green. *Ach!*

They shake their heads and wash their *wiener-schnitzel* down with beer, and then, almost dreamy-eyed, they speak of life in prewar Germany: so clean it was, and everything so orderly. That is what the Kaiser meant: cleanliness and order. Democracy meant unemployment, dirt and turmoil. And Hitler? The Reichsfuehrer is bringing the old Germany back. "Look." They reach into their pockets and drag out photographs of relatives: "My cousin, Hans, in Hamburg . . . Lisa, pretty, no?" Then letters from Hans and Lisa: "Everything is fine, so fine."

Of course . . . the Jews. You must understand. The Jews, they are to blame for everything. Were it not for them would the Fatherland have lost the war? Was the Fatherland ever defeated in the field? *Nein!* It was stabbed in the back. The postwar inflation? That was the Jews again, the "Jewish profiteers." The civil war? "Jewish Communists." Always the Jews, the Jews. "You must understand. All this in the newspapers . . . it was in self-defense that Germany did it. The newspapers do not understand."

Then come warnings. Someday America, too, will find out what this democracy is. You will see: Communism, street fighting. It will be like in Germany. "I know. I know."

Off in one corner of the restaurant the quartet starts up, and suddenly the whole place bursts into song. They are German songs, rollicking. And for the moment everyone in the restaurant is back in Germany, the Germany of his childhood.

No matter how long the members of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* may live in the United States—the rank-and-file members, the little businessmen and housewives—they will still be Germans, dreaming always of Germany, hoping always to return. The longer they live in the United States the more perfect this Germany of their childhood will become. Most of them are citizens: only American citizens are supposed to join the *Volksbund*, although many non-citizens do. Yet they just don't feel at home in this country, and they never will. They are foreigners. Around them swarm enemies, jeering at their accent, calling them "Heinies" and "Nazis," slandering the Fatherland . . . lies, all lies. That's how they feel, and they feel it more and more intensely day by day. It was no surprise to anyone in the *Volksbund* that Fritz Kuhn was running around with Mrs Florence Camp, squandering their money in night clubs. Nevertheless they rallied to his defense when he was arrested. They

still insist that Mr Kuhn was "persecuted by the Jews." Mr Kuhn's enemies are their enemies, the enemies of the Fatherland, and Mr Kuhn's conviction served to convince them only that Germany's enemies are getting stronger in the United States and must therefore be fought more vigorously.

They speak German at home, at *Volksbund* meetings, at the seven *Volksbund* camps. They send their children to *Volksbund* schools to learn German. If they can afford it they may send their children to Germany to study. Mr Kuhn's children are there. If they build homes, as many *Volksbund* members have done in Yaphank, L.I., near Camp Siegfried, the architecture is German. At Camp Siegfried they often wear German costumes, and this is especially true of the women.

They know nothing of National Socialist Germany except what they read in the four *Volksbund* papers or hear on the German short-wave broadcasts. Anything else is untrue; they won't listen. In all probability they are more pro-Nazi than are most of the people of Germany itself.

One thing puzzles them: why everyone of "German blood" doesn't believe as they do. They are convinced that "blood calls to blood." Yet the children

and grandchildren of those Germans who came here before the war laugh at them, denounce them. In cities like St Louis and Milwaukee, "German cities," people with names like Strauss and Meyer, "German names," outdo the Jews in reviling Adolf Hitler. That's democracy for you: it makes "Germans" forget their "blood."

Their own children will never forget. They'll make sure of that. Not only do they compel the youngsters to learn German and speak German but they enroll them in the *Jugendschaft*, which is the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*'s youth movement. Youngsters in the *Jugendschaft* wear uniforms. They drill. They are schooled in the customs, ideals and traditions of Nazi Germany. They learn to love the Fatherland and to pride themselves in being "Germans." They learn to hate the Jews.

The leaders of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* are different from the rank and file. There is less nostalgia in them, more fire. If the rank and file is forever dreaming of the past they daydream of the future, of the day when the United States will be "German again." It may sound nonsensical, but they believe that an overwhelming majority of the American people are either wholly or partly of "German blood."

They insist that Germans played the predominant role in creating, preserving and upbuilding the United States. You won't find this in your history books, of course; but shortly after Washington's election as President the American people voted on whether to make English or German their official language. Although the ballot boxes were stuffed by those who preferred English German lost out by just one vote.

Volksbund leaders say that "blood does call to blood." If the American people don't hear the call that is only because they have been doped by "Jewish propaganda." The *Volksbund* will awaken them. Of that you may be sure.

The *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* was once known as the League of the Friends of New Germany, although Fritz Kuhn would just as soon you didn't mention that. For the League of the Friends of New Germany was so frankly pro-Nazi and so obviously linked to Dr Paul Joseph Goebbel's high-powered propaganda machine that it constantly embarrassed German diplomats in the United States. *The Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, on the other hand, makes the pretense of having no connection with Germany and is supposedly "one hundred per cent

American." Members of the League of the Friends of New Germany wore the uniform of the Nazi elite guards; the *Volksbund* uniform is somewhat less spectacular; indeed, Fritz Kuhn says that it was modeled on that of the American Legion. The German flag was always displayed at the meetings of the Friends of New Germany; the *Volksbund* carries it only when German diplomats are present or when German holidays are being celebrated.

These changes, which Mr Kuhn describes as drastic but which could be more accurately described as camouflage, were made in June 1936. They were coupled with the announcement that it would no longer be the job of the *Volksbund* to explain Germany to America. Instead the *Volksbund* would co-operate with "other American organizations" in remodeling the United States along the lines of National Socialist Germany, for National Socialism, Mr Kuhn believes, "holds the only hope for the world today." According to Mr Kuhn the old policy was Nazi but the new one is "American."

In September 1938, carrying the "Americanization" of the *Volksbund* one step further, Mr Kuhn's New York paper inaugurated an English-language section.

If you were to ask *Volksbund* leaders what the membership of the organization now is they might tell you most anything. They change their estimates as casually as they change their socks and rather more frequently. In the same conversation they jump from ten thousand to one hundred thousand and back to fifty thousand without so much as batting an eye. It all depends on what they want to prove. If they want to prove that "America is awakening" out come the six-digit estimates. If they want to prove that Communism menaces America far more than Fascism does their membership falls off some ninety-five per cent.

Let's put the membership at twenty thousand, including sympathizers, which can't be too far off. The sympathizers must be counted because they are supposed to pay the same monthly dues as members. (The dues are seventy-five cents, one dollar for husband and wife.) Their status in the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* differs from that of the members only in that no record is kept of their names. However, this difference is largely theoretical, since *Volksbund* records are forever being destroyed anyway to avoid subpoena by state and federal agencies.

The *Volksbund* is organized into three departments: the Department East, the Department Middle

West and the Department West. These departments are broken into forty-seven districts, one for each state except Louisiana, where there are no *Volksbund* members. Within the districts are the posts. At present the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* has about fifty-five of them.

In addition, there are several affiliates, subsidiaries, etc. There is, for example, the A.V. Publishing Company (the A.V. stands for *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*) which owns the four newspapers.

All four are called the *Deutsche Weckruf und Beobachter*. One is published in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Chicago, one in Los Angeles.

There is also the *Deutscher Konsum Verband*, known as the D.K.V. The D.K.V. was organized to fight the "boycott-Germany" drive. It also carries on "buy-Christian" propaganda. "D.K.V." is the *Good Housekeeping* seal of the *Volksbund* papers. The letters certify not quality but "Aryanism," which, as every *Volksbund* member knows, is somewhat important.

The members of the *Ordnungs Dienst* are the S.S. men of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*. Only they wear the "Americanized" *Volksbund* uniform: black trousers, gray shirt, black necktie, black overseas cap,

gray coat with black collar, black shoulder straps and black cuffs. The cap, shoulder straps and cuffs are trimmed with piping. On the left arm is worn an emblem, consisting of the rays of the sun terminating in the Nazi swastika; the emblem also contains the letters A.V. and O.D. (for *Ordnungs Dienst*). Members of the O.D. occasionally drill, without guns.

The *Jugendschaft* we have already mentioned. There is also the Prospective Citizens League and several purely business organizations.

Fritz Julius Kuhn, the Fuehrer of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, is also the Landes Fuehrer of the *Ordnungs Dienst* and president of both the A.V. Publishing Company and the *Deutsche Konsum Verband*. All these organizations are run on the *fuehrer-prinzip*, just as Germany is. Of course they have constitutions, and the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* is even supposed to hold conventions, at which the delegates from the posts are supposed to vote on policy. However, all the members of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* are pledged to carry out the Fuehrer's commands; so they can only vote "Yes," which is Mr Kuhn's idea of "true democracy." Only Adolf Hitler could possibly explain why the *Volksbund* bothers to

hold the conventions. Mr Hitler, it will be remembered, convenes the Reichstag himself.

Of course Mr Kuhn is now in jail and cannot, therefore, control the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* directly. However, just before he left on what the New York *Daily News* called his "*Drang Nach Ossining*" Mr Kuhn appointed G. Wilhelm Kunze to carry on while he was detained in Sing Sing. Mr Kunze, until then national publicity director of the *Volksbund*, was named vice-leader.

Hundreds of thousands of words have been written about Mr Kuhn, and most of them aren't so. Mr Kuhn is not an idiot, and Mr Kuhn is not an egomaniac. He doesn't believe that Germany will lick the world singlehanded. Nor did he join the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* for what he could swindle from it.

His English is wretched and difficult for newspapermen to understand, which is why he often is quoted as saying the most childish things. His ideas are offensive, so newspapermen relish making him look silly. His letters to Mrs Camp sounded like comic valentines, that is true. "Love you, my everything, Fritzi." However, even the most intelligent men go cretin when they are in love.

Although it has never been made public the report of the state psychiatrists, who examined Mr Kuhn, is said to have been quite favorable to him. The psychiatrists are said to have described Mr Kuhn as rather more intelligent than average, well educated and on the whole extremely well balanced. His preoccupation with spiritualism was noted. It was pointed out, however, that many intelligent men have believed in spiritualism, among them Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge.

Mr Kuhn was born in Munich, Germany, on May 15, 1896. His family was highly regarded there, but Mr Kuhn himself is supposed to have been considered "the black sheep." At least that's what the Department of Justice says.

He studied chemistry at college, joined the German army in 1914 and went through all four years of the war in front-line trenches. A lieutenant in the machine-gun detachment of the Alps Corps, he was thrice wounded. In 1919 he served in the Epp Free Corps, fighting the Soviet Union. He joined the National Socialist Party in 1921, and on November 9, 1923, he participated in Hitler's famous beer-hall *Putsch* in Munich. In 1924 he migrated to Mexico, and in 1928 he entered the United States. In Decem-

ber of that year he took out his first citizenship papers.

From 1928 until 1934 Mr Kuhn was employed at the Ford Motor Company in Detroit, earning between seventy-five and eighty-seven and one-half cents an hour. On two occasions he was temporarily laid off, the first time because the foreman reported, "Cannot use him to advantage," the second, because he was "caught practicing speeches."

He joined the League of Friends of New Germany soon after it was organized, quickly becoming leader of the Detroit post. He made the Detroit post among the strongest in the country. He was promoted to leader of the Department Middle West, and when the league was reorganized as the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* he became the Fuehrer.

He considers himself persecuted and, no doubt, with good reason. Kicking the *Volksbund* around never cost any politician votes, so they all kick. It's not true, for example, that Mr Kuhn attempted to flee to Mexico to escape prosecution by the New York district attorney's office. The highly publicized chase was unnecessary. Mr Kuhn was merely going to Philadelphia and had so informed the district attorney's office. Indeed, before leaving he called the office to ask whether it would be all right.

The *Volksbund* camps are German colonies, where the youngsters of the *Jugendschaft* are hammered into little Germans. All summer long, from morning till night, they speak German, read German, learn German history and especially the history of National Socialism. Pamphlets about the Jews, printed in Erfurt or Hamburg are everywhere, and they are forced to study them, memorize them as Catholics memorize their catechism. Day in, day out, they are lectured on the evils of "world Jewry," told how "world Jewry" is scheming to enslave all Christianity, including the Moslems.

At flag raising in the morning and flag lowering at night they salute the Stars and Stripes with arms upraised in the Hitler salute. Once they cried: "Heil Hitler!" Now that Mr Kuhn has "Americanized" the *Volksbund* their cry is "Free America!"

The discipline is rigid. Drill and calisthenics take up much of the day, and even the athletic contests are run like drills. The swastika is plastered all over the place . . . wherever you turn.

On week ends the parents drive out to visit the youngsters and to visit with each other. The camps bustle with activity. There may be more than four thousand *Volksbund* followers at each camp, some

dressed in German costume, some in the uniform of the *Ordnungs Dienst*, all talking German. Nothing but German is heard. The refreshment stands are piled high with German books, newspapers and pamphlets and with German souvenirs: post cards, dolls, soap, pillows. At three in the afternoon the exercises begin. The children of the *Jugendschaft* parade, sun-tanned and glowing, while the *Jugendschaft* band plays the *Horst Wessel Lied*. Sometimes the *Volksbund* leader addresses them. Sometimes they give an exhibition of gymnastics. (The exhibitions are pretty bad for, although the youngsters are well trained, they find it difficult to bend in their stiff black riding breeches.)

Next come the little girls, dancing German folk dances while some of the older girls accompany them on fiddles. This music fades into the *Horst Wessel Lied* as the members of the *Ordnungs Dienst* march out behind their band.

Finally the speeches: the members of the *Ordnungs Dienst* stand rigid as they are delivered. Almost invariably the speeches are in German. Occasionally an outsider, present as guest of honor, will speak in English.

“Free!” shouts the *Volksbund* leader.

"America!" chorus the members of the *Ordnungs-Dienst*.

Four thousand arms snap out in the Hitler salute, and down come the flags: the Stars and Stripes first, then, while the band plays, the swastika flags of the *Volksbund*.

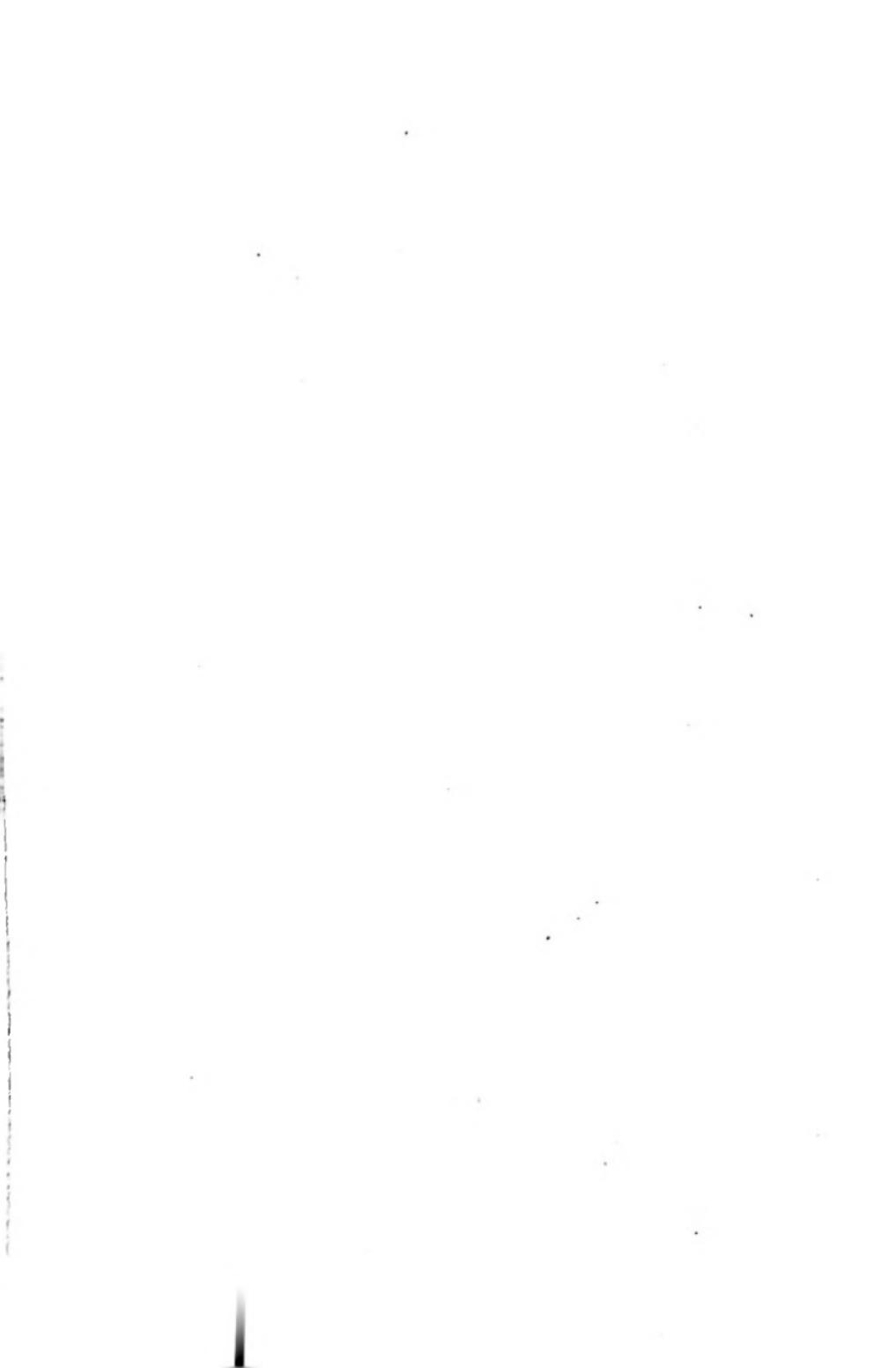
It has been charged that members of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* engage in espionage. That is doubtful. The little businessmen who make up the rank and file of the *Volksbund*, the mechanics, restaurant workers, clerks and odd-job men who are the *Volksbund* leaders know as much about espionage as your neighborhood grocer and butcher who, incidentally, they may very well be. Doubtless there are German spies working in the *Volksbund*, mingling with the members for snatches of information which may someday come in handy, but they don't make their identity known: few spies are quite as moronic as those who ran afoul of the Department of Justice several years ago.

If the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* is not part of the German espionage system, however, it definitely is part of the German propaganda machine. One has only to look at the pamphlets which are distributed at

Volksbund meetings to realize that: ninety-five per cent of them were printed in Germany. The supply has been running low since the war in Europe began. However, they still manage to reach this country via Siberia. The Soviet Union, once so anti-Nazi, is now co-operating with Dr Goebbels to flood us with pro-Nazi propaganda.

More important than anything else is the fact that youngsters, born in the United States, are being reared by the *Volksbund* as Germans . . . not even as German-Americans, but as Germans. It's bad enough when the melting pot doesn't melt, but if the melting pot goes into reverse that might be disastrous.

The Goateed Fuehrer



VIII: THE GOATEED FUEHRER

ONE NIGHT IN APRIL 1928 William Dudley Pelley died and went to heaven.

He was there for only seven minutes, but they were seven epoch-making minutes. On his return to Hollywood William Dudley Pelley renounced the "flesh-pots." He forswore tobacco, liquor, coffee, tea. He decided to spend his remaining days in the service of his country, saving us from the Jews and Communists.

He won't die again until 1962, so Mr Pelley has plenty of time . . . some of which he may have to spend in prison for reasons that will subsequently be explained.

He was asleep when it all happened. Suddenly an inner shriek pierced his "somnolent consciousness." He wailed to himself, "I'm dying. I'm dying." This "in despairing horror." Soon he felt himself plunging into "cool, blue space." Two young men in white uniforms caught him up.

It was heaven all right.

The young men gave Mr Pelley the low-down on the afterlife, then sent him on his way. Swirling blue vapor whisked him back to Hollywood, and he found himself in bed, not feeling very well.

He scrambled to his typewriter and pounded out the story of those "Seven Minutes in Eternity," which is how we know that he was there.

Mr Pelley writes. The words just clatter from his typewriter—words that might have been written by Father Divine if Father Divine were out in Hollywood doing publicity for the brothers Warner or writing the copy for Coming Attractions. "Whence this sound of marching in the morning's mystic gray? Look upon this miracle emerging from the mist banks! Where have they come from, these silver ranks of valor? Who brought this host together? What is that snow-white banner whose folds catch the gleam from the blaze on the sky line? Who rides that milky stal-

lion at the head of such battalia? . . . THE SILVER-SHIRTS ARE MARCHING ! ! !”

That's how Mr Pelley writes.

And because he writes there is little about Mr Pelley's life that we don't know. It was, for example, Mr Pelley's typewriter which told us about the Oracle. The Oracle is Mr Pelley's right-hand man. An industrious little ghost, he stays with Mr Pelley always, protects him from the Jews and Communists who, it would seem, forever are plotting against our Mr Pelley's life. The Oracle copyreads Mr Pelley's editorials and even dictates some of them. He dictated *No More Hunger!* (de luxe edition \$4.00), which tells how we can eliminate poverty by converting the nation into one great corporation, with Mr Pelley as president. As citizens we naturally would be stockholders in this corporation, sharing the dividends. The Indians would shove over and make room on their reservations for the Jews and the Negroes. And Mr Pelley's “legions resplendent in silver!” would rule the land. The Oracle says that by 1962 everything will be running smoothly, whereupon Mr Pelley will either die or be transformed. Probably the latter, for Mr Pelley is the reincarnating kind. At the age of five he already knew that “I have been here before.”

If you want to learn about Mr Pelley's childhood the book to read is the *Door to Revelation* (481 pages, bound in silver cloth, \$2), which tells how Mr Pelley discovered the Power of the Press. A snake helped Mr Pelley in making the discovery. "No mollycoddle encouraged by the agents of Stalin," he brought it with him to school one day and dropped it, slithering, inside the dress of the girl who sat in front of him. The snake twisted and writhed. So did the girl. She tore at her dress, finally tore it off. And there she was . . . exposed, as Mr Pelley says.

Mr Pelley's teacher, an old fuddy duddy with no sense of humor, ran into the principal's office with the story. The principal, who also had no sense of humor, thrashed our Mr Pelley within an inch of his life. Mr Pelley, affronted, printed the whole story in the *Junior Star*, the little weekly paper which he issued from the basement of his father's house. Pointing out that his teacher was unmarried, he speculated on the reasons for it. His teacher went to his parents and threatened suit for libel which, of course, she never filed. On the contrary, says Mr Pelley, she was as sweet as pie to him from that day on, and Mr Pelley decided that she was afraid of what he might say in the *Junior Star* if she ever crossed him again.

Upon leaving school Mr Pelley went into the newspaper business, first in Chicopee, Mass., then in Wilmington, Vt., where he was man of all work on the Deerfield Valley *Times*. A sleepy little paper, whose editor would much rather fish than edit, the Deerfield Valley *Times* was fighting the local utility company at the moment, which gave Mr Pelley an idea. He persuaded the company to buy up the editor's mortgage and let him run the paper in return for his editorial support. Later he and the company fell out, and before Mr Pelley knew it the old editor was back again while he was looking for work.

He found it, but not on the editorial side of the newspaper business. He became the foreman of the composing room of the Bennington *Evening Banner*. On the side he wrote pulp fiction. It was good pulp fiction too. Mr Pelley may have driven the professors of English crazy with his penchant for kicking polysyllabic words around, but he kept the delivery boys up all night, their eyes popping. Soon his stories were appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which is not *transition* but pays much better and makes better reading, unless you happen to like Gertrude Stein.

Mr Pelley's stories were mostly about life in Ver

mont. He wrote no less than two hundred of them. One, called "Their Mother," told of the Vermont widow, left penniless with six children, who returned to her girlhood job as proofreader in order to bring them up. She labored diligently, putting the boys through college. Her reward was to see them all distinguished men. According to Harland Manchester this story "was not only profitable; it was prophetic." For in New York today, says Mr Manchester, there is another mother, whose husband left her many years ago because she didn't understand him. (So the husband thought.) She, too, was forced to return to proofreading in order to support them. Her girl has been to college. Her boy is attending college now. She is the former Mrs William Dudley Pelley.

Mr Pelley's success with his fiction led him to quit the *Banner* and to buy the *Caledonian* in St Johnsbury, Vt. If you believe everything you read in the *Door to Revelation* Mr Pelley's success with the *Caledonian* was just short of Hearstian. Actually he did pretty badly, and within two years he was forced to skip town, just one step ahead of the sheriff. His share of the paper, sold at the insistence of his creditors, went for fifty dollars.

Then followed several years of batting around. Mr Pelley did missionary work for the Methodist Centenary, but his ideas on religion have never been particularly orthodox (at one time he believed in atheism; today he sees ghosts); he couldn't stand the job and quit. Then he went to work for the Y.M.C. A., traveling with the Japanese troops when the Allies moved into Siberia after the revolution. He came back talking of "grinning, bloated things that had once been men." He said that he saw dead men move and groan. Someone had told him that it was the Jews who started the World War, and Mr Pelley was much impressed. He says nowadays that he first began to realize how "world Jewry" was plotting to enslave the Gentiles while he was in Siberia.

Peculiarly enough, George Deatherage was in Siberia around the same time, and he tells exactly the same kind of stories that Mr Pelley does. Occasionally he, too, says that his experiences in Siberia made him realize "what the Jews were doing," although he usually blames it all on "the Communist strike that opened my eyes."

Any reasonable bookie would give you fifty to one that Hollywood did more than Siberia to push Mr Pelley into the "save-America" industry.

In Hollywood Mr Pelley wrote scenarios, and they were corkers. He wrote stories in which the best of them appeared: Lon Chaney, Tom Mix, Colleen Moore, Hoot Gibson, name your star. The copy poured from his typewriter, and the money poured into his pockets; and William Dudley Pelley went Hollywood. Of course he didn't realize it then and doesn't yet, but Mr Pelley's case was serious. All the symptoms: women, delusion of genius, the urge to set the business world afire by opening up hot-dog stands throughout Los Angeles. Naturally his work suffered, but Mr Pelley didn't realize that either. If producers rejected his scripts he decided that someone was plotting against him. If they suggested changes he blew up and shouted "Persecution!" Yes, he was being persecuted . . . by the "Hollywood Jews."

(Mr Pelley never wearies of writing about this persecution. He believes that everyone in Hollywood is Jewish; that people are staying away from their pictures in droves; that no good pictures have been produced in the last ten years; that . . . etc.)

It's not unusual for people to have bad dreams when they are distraught. Most people when they awaken laugh the dream off and go about their work. Not Mr

Pelley. It was no dream. It really happened. Mr Pelley is dead certain that he really died that night in April 1928 and that he really went to heaven.

His article, "Seven Minutes in Eternity," brought him five thousand letters, mostly from people who also had died at one time or another. Mr Pelley wrote an occult novel, *Golden Rubbish*. He began to mess around with the afterlife, with calling people back from the grave, with proving that death is life and life is death and people do not die but are transformed and you chose your own parents. Ghosts walked through all his stories, even through his pulp fiction, and there was ectoplasm on every page. Magazine editors who once had jumped at the by-line William Dudley Pelley now shuddered.

Mr Pelley lost his old market, but he gained another: the five thousand people who had written to him about "Seven Minutes in Eternity" and tens of thousands like them. In May 1930 the first issue of Mr Pelley's *New Liberator* appeared, the magazine for those who talk every night with their great-aunt Emily. (She's been dead for thirty years.)

This was the beginning of the Skyland Press and of Pelley Publishers. For, to print *The New Liberator*, Mr Pelley established his own plant. Since then hun-

dreds of publications have poured from his presses, most of them written by Mr Pelley himself. Dozens of magazines: *The New Liberator*, *The Silvershirt Weekly*, *The Silver Ranger*, *Pelley's Weekly*, *Liberation*, *Pelley's Confidential Information*, *Reality*. Pamphlets by the score: *The World Hoax*, *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, *What Every Congressman Should Know*, *The Hidden Empire*, *What the Chinaman Thinks About the Jew*, *Invisible Government*, *Indians Aren't Red*, *Cripples' Money*, *What Fifty Famous Men Have Said About the Jew*, *Forty-five Questions*, *Dupes of Judah*. And books too: *No More Hunger!*, *The Door to Revelation*, *Nations-in-Law*, *Rescue the Republic!*, *Bright Trails*, *Cabin Smoke*.

These books and magazines are well printed, for Mr Pelley learned the printing trade and learned it well during his days in the newspaper business. They are not inexpensive, but neither are they dear. He sells about one million copies annually.

Here we had better digress.

Mr Pelley is the kind of businessman who starts another company whenever the spirit moves him, who keeps six or seven different sets of books, who banks

his money under six or seven different names in six or seven banks, who juggles money from one account to another, from one bank to another. We might as well get all the corporations straight.

The first was the Galahad Press. This was the publishing company which Mr Pelley started when he began the publication of *The New Liberator*. He sold \$13,175.42 worth of preferred stock in the corporation to fifteen people, including ten women. He also received numerous contributions and loans. Then came the Foundation for Christian Economics. The incorporation fee of the foundation was paid by the Galahad Press, whereupon the Galahad Press became insolvent. Next came the Silver League of Delaware, the League of Liberation and Galahad College. At Galahad College you could learn the ins and outs of spiritualism for only \$150. The Galahad Press went into bankruptcy, and it was charged that Mr Pelley had diverted \$110,000 from the corporation to his own pocket. However, the charge was never proved, because Mr Pelley had also destroyed all the records. The court, therefore, did not find him guilty of diverting the money but instead sentenced him for violating North Carolina's laws regarding the sale of stocks. The sentence was suspended, but Mr Pelley

has since been arrested for violating his parole. No disposition of the case has yet been made.

After the Galahad Press went bankrupt the Silver Legion of America was incorporated, and Mr Pelley began to bank money under that name. The Foundation for Christian Economics paid the Silver Legion's incorporation fee, just as the Galahad Press had paid the foundation's incorporation fee.

Other corporations and companies soon entered Mr Pelley's life, and things finally got straightened out in this way.

First there is the Silvershirt Legion of America: that is Mr Pelley's organization. Next comes the Christian Party, which is the ballot-box name of the Silvershirt Legion. Next the Skyland Press, where Mr Pelley's books and magazines are printed. Next Pelley Publishers, the name under which they are printed. If they are shipped by express they go out from the Fellowship Foundation. If they are sent by mail they go out from Little Vistas.

All these organizations are located in the same building, on Haywood Road in Asheville, N.C.

You can't blame people for getting all mixed up when they investigate Mr Pelley's finances. He sets up companies and discontinues them so rapidly that

nobody can tell how much he collects or from what. At the very least the Silvershirt Legion should bring in sixty thousand dollars. It may bring in nine hundred thousand dollars. Where is the money? Under what name are the dues-payments banked? Nobody knows.

How much does Mr Pelley receive in contributions from wealthy people? Some contributions *have* been uncovered. A Miss Sarah C. Scott gave him \$3800 in 1938. George Fisher, who is connected with the Crowell Publishing Company, sent him \$4600 in 1938 and early 1939. Undoubtedly there have been other contributions, but from whom and how much?

And how much does the sale of his publications bring? In nineteen months, from January 1, 1937, through July 31, 1938, he sent out three and one half tons of literature by express alone.

It was on January 30, 1933, that Mr Pelley began to form the Silvershirt Legion. That day Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany; and, reading the newspaper headlines, Mr Pelley turned suddenly to his secretary and said: "Tomorrow we have the Silvershirts." Marion Henderson was puzzled. "What do you mean, Silvershirts?" Mr Pelley said: "Let me alone tonight, and tomorrow you'll know everything."

Mr Pelley says that his Oracle had told him of the coming of Adolf Hitler as far back as 1931. He says that his Oracle had also told him that he, too, would "save Christianity." So when he read the papers something clicked.

The Silvershirts are divided into nine district organizations: the New England division, the Manhattan division, the Capital division, the Pacific division, the Southern division, the Gulf division, the Great Lakes division, the Prairie division, the Mountain division. As might be expected, the members wear silver-colored shirts, with red *Ls* emblazoned over their hearts. They have no voice in determining policies. All policies are determined by the executive committee, which consists of Mr Pelley, the national commander or "chief," A. H. Tapler, the comptroller, and Roy Zachary, secretary and "field marshal." Since Mr Taylor and Mr Zachary together have only three votes, while Mr Pelley has five, in plain fact the policies are determined by Mr Pelley.

Just how many Silvershirts there are is anybody's guess; and while you're guessing Mr Pelley would probably like to guess too. In legal documents Mr Pelley has estimated the number at "over five thousand." In conversation he speaks of seventy-five thou-

sand. Other Fascist leaders have put the number at ten thousand, which may be about right.

Dues are twelve dollars per year. On the basis of ten thousand members they should bring Mr Pelley one hundred and twenty thousand dollars . . . if everybody pays.

Now the Silvershirts are really not important (as this is written they are virtually dormant), but Mr Pelley is. Mr Pelley couldn't run an organization properly if his life depended upon it. Small, thin, with gray hair, an unkempt little goatee and thick glasses, the Silvershirt chief is even more indecisive than he looks. He fidgets. He can't make up his mind. He always wonders if conditions haven't changed. His associates, disgusted, are forever leaving. Only Robert Carlyle Summerville, an Indiana boy formerly in the advertising business, can be depended upon to stick by him no matter how much he may teeter and wobble. The understanding between them, says Mr Pelley, is like "those ancient things of which the poets write sonnets."

On the other hand, Mr Pelley does have great influence among the Fascists and near-Fascists in the United States. At least one congressman, Jacob Thorkelson of Montana, consults with him fre-

quently. Mr Pelley was the first of the anti-Semites in the country to sing Adolf Hitler's praises, which Mr Pelley will never let anyone forget, and this gives him standing in Fascist intellectual circles. Mr Pelley's writings on spiritualism have entranced several wealthy old maids and widows, of the kind who dabble in that sort of thing, and they can sometimes be touched for contributions. Mr Pelley has an economic program with mass appeal.

This economic program is the idea for converting the United States into one great corporation, which is outlined in *No More Hunger!* It doesn't make very much sense, but it has that neat flavor of socialism with capitalism, which appeals to many in the lower middle class. The monthly dividends would be eighty-three dollars and some change—not much, but more than many Americans now earn. For those who now get more than eighty-three dollars Mr Pelley has special provisions, whereby some people may receive enough shares to earn as much as one hundred thousand dollars annually.

Most important of the reasons for Mr Pelley's influence among the Fascists is the fact that he can write. Mr Pelley hasn't lost his old pulp-fiction touch; he merely has changed his theme. He doesn't write

literature, but people don't read literature—not pulp-fiction, movie-going people.

It would be impossible to estimate the number of people that Mr Pelley reaches with his publications. However, they are sold in every state in the union, and by virtually every Fascist or semi-Fascist organization. It must be remembered that one million copies go out from the Skyland Press annually. One million copies are bound to get around.

Just now the most popular of his publications is the song, "Doughboy Blues," which Mr Pelley calls the "Marching Song of the Second A.E.F., 1940." Here is how it goes:

*O haven't you heard the news?
We're at war to save the Jews;
For a hundred years they pressed our pants,
Now we must die for them in France!
So we sing the Doughboy Blues—*

*It's a hellova fate to choose,
To die to save the Jews;
But the New Deal busted and left us flat,
So this war was hatched by the Democrat,
To end our New Deal Blues—*

*We've been told that we mustn't lose,
If we should we lose the Jews;
So shout into a thousand mikes,
"Though we lose our lives, we must save the kikes!"
And it gives us the Doughboy Blues—*

And twenty-seven more verses like that, ending with:

*And our squawk you'll please excuse,
If perhaps we've been hoaxed by Jews;
Once we battled to make men free
And give them pride in a family tree
And protect their wealth from the crackpot's plea
And train their kids in the Unbent Knee;
And we scrapped all that for Democracy
And we're here in France on a fresh World Spree,
While the name of our Captain ends in "ski,"
NOW WHAT THE 'ELL IS THE END TO BE?
You tell 'em, Doughboy Blues!*

This Mr Pelley is ambitious. He not only wants to write the laws of the nation; he wants to write the songs too.

West-Coast Fascists

IX: WEST-COAST FASCISTS

THIS IS THE STORY of Henry D. Allen, of the Silver-shirts, the Gold Shirts, the American White Guard, the Militant Christian Patriots, the American Nationalist Confederation, the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, the American Indian Federation, James True Associates, the Arab League and only the good Lord knows what. Mr Allen is unquestionably the world's most all-around patriot. Most of the other patriots have single-track minds: The German patriot is rarely an Italian patriot as well; nor is the Chinaman part-time Irish. Mr Allen's patriotism is such, however, that no country is quite big enough to hold it all.

It might almost be called internationalism except, of course, that only the Jews are internationalists and Mr Allen is straight Christian, without so much as one half of one per cent of "Jewish blood," than which there can't be less—remember Prohibition?

Mr Allen, whose anthropology is that of Julius Streicher, has said: "The Jews are Mongols; not all the Jews, but most." He, therefore, dislikes the word "anti-Semitic," and especially does he dislike it because of his love for Islam. The Arabs, says Mr Allen testily, are honest-to-goodness Semites, and they should not be lumped with the Jews.

It would be hard to say where Mr Allen learned his patriotism, for certainly the schools of Worcester, Mass., where he was born on February 21, 1879, never taught him that he serves his country best who plots to overthrow the government of Mexico. Nor do they customarily give courses in German propaganda at San Quentin, where Mr Allen did post-graduate work under the nom-de-jail of Convict 2853. Mr Allen landed in San Quentin for "uttering false checks." After leaving he uttered several more and went to Folsom, where he was known as 9542.

Mr Allen says that he also studied at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but there must be

some mix-up in the records, because M.I.T. says no. Mr Allen says that he studied engineering there and that he goes to Mexico not to plot revolution but to supervise his mining properties in the interior and to prospect for more. Again there must be some mix-up, because when Mr Allen went on W.P.A. several years ago he swore that he was propertyless.

There are two ways of telling Mr Allen's story. One is Mr Allen's way. It wouldn't make bad reading; but it wouldn't be true, either, for Mr Allen's memory goes back on him at times, as when Rhea Whitley, of the Dies Committee, asked: "Do you have any children?" At first he said three, and then he said four. Actually Mr Allen has five children, one by his first wife, Adeline Lenora Fildes, and four by his second, Pearl Persuati. Mr Allen's memory often deceives him that way. He told Mr Whitley that he stumbled into the "save-America" movement in the fall of 1933, when someone selling *Liberation* on the corner of Hill and Sixth in Los Angeles told him about the Silvershirts. Yet in the spring of 1933 Mr Allen often was seen at the headquarters of the Friends of New Germany (the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*), then located at 1902 South Alvarado Street, where he met with Hans Winterhalder, Paul

Themlitz and Hermann Schwinn, who is now West-Coast leader of the *Volksbund*. In the summer of 1933 he went to Agua Caliente, where he met with some of the leading German propagandists then in Mexico.

Plans were discussed for organizing the Mexican Gold Shirts, under General Nocolas Rodriguez, and upon his return to Los Angeles Mr Allen became the liaison man between the general and the Friends of New Germany.

Perhaps Mr Allen cooked up the story of the *Liberation* salesman on the corner of Hill and Sixth because he couldn't remember that it was he who organized the Silvershirts in Los Angeles, together with Karl Lackey and Colonel W. A. McCord. Colonel McCord was in charge of the Pacific division of the Silvershirts, for which he received fifty per cent of the dues. This he shared with Mr Lackey and Mr Allen.

In February 1934 Mr Allen brought his thirteen-year-old son Warren into the Silvershirts as leader of the youth organization; and on March twenty-second of that year his wife joined too.

In April there was an internal row: the Pacific division broke up; Colonel McCord, Mr Lackey and Mr Allen organized the American White Guard. The

Germans financed the American White Guard, but they didn't finance it for long because it couldn't make headway in Los Angeles, for all of Mr Allen's bloodthirsty talk. He spoke of "cluttering American gutters" with more "Jewish corpses . . . than ever were found in the most ambitious of European pogroms." However, the American White Guard never succeeded in cluttering the gutters of Los Angeles with anything but handbills.

It was after the American White Guard folded that Mr Allen went on W.P.A. He was on the Federal Music Project, but in his spare time he kept up his patriotic work. In the fall of 1935 he and Ingram Hughes, with the help of the Friends of New Germany, flooded Los Angeles with handbills, creating an uproar which drove the police almost wild. Mr Allen was arrested in South Pasadena for posting the handbills, which convinced him that South Pasadena was "Jew dominated."

In August 1936 he joined the Silvershirts again, teaming up with Kenneth Alexander, former still photographer at United Artists, who had reorganized the Pacific division. They ran several meetings at the *Deutsches Haus*: at one Mr Pelley himself spoke. Mr Pelley, who forswore tobacco, liquor, coffee and tea

shortly after he went to heaven, but who now smokes, was drunk that night, and he proclaimed: "I am the Hitler of America."

In October 1936 Mr Allen renewed his activities in the Gold Shirts.

In the summer of 1937 Mrs Leslie Fry's secretary asked him to call on her.

Now that Mrs Fry has gone under cover there are rumors among the Fascists that she was an OGPU spy, working to disrupt the movement. Henry Allen has told Martin Dies as much. He got the idea from Captain Henry Beamish, founder and president of The Britons, "A Society to Protect the Birthright of Britons and to Eradicate Alien Influences from our Politics and Industries." Major F. A. Pease, of the American Defenders, in Coral Gables, Fla., in testimony read into the record of the Dies Committee, once accused Mrs Fry of "effecting the death of Lady Queensborough." Mrs Fry came to America with Lady Queensborough by way of Canada. She was then known as the Princess Shirtbasel. At times she has also been known as Pasquita de Shishmarova.

There was no touch of Mata Hari in Mrs Fry. Men didn't swoon all over her salon, and nobody blew

his brains out in unrequited love. She was about 70 and just as glamorous as your own grandmother. She kept to herself. Once she told Mr Allen that she was born in San Francisco. She also told him that her two sons were born in Riga. At least that's what Mr Allen says. It would seem that she lived in London for many years and that she was connected with an organization there called the Militant Christian Patriots. All these whispers about the *Gaypayoo* probably were concocted by fellow Nazis who didn't like her and wanted to slip the knife in when she wasn't looking. It's fifty to one that she was in the *Gestapo*, and even with those odds you'd be throwing your money away.

She had one house in Glendale, and there were rumors that she had another in Santa Monica, where she really lived, using the Glendale home merely as her office. Her companions were Mrs W. K. Jewett and Conrad Chapman. Mr Chapman, who spoke with an English accent, seemed to handle all the money. And there was plenty of money too. At one time, for example, Mrs Fry decided to buy the Ku Klux Klan, lock, stock and barrel. She offered no less than seventy-five thousand dollars for it through Mr Allen, but Dr Hiram W. Evans, who then was Imperial Wizard of the Klan, wouldn't sell.

A letter, signed by Mr Chapman, indicates that some of the money at least came directly from the German Ministry for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment.

It was in October 1936 that Mrs Fry muscled into the West-Coast Fascists. She did it quietly, painlessly. She let them come to her. In that month she published the first issue of the *Christian Free Press* and started an organization named the Militant Christian Patriots, like the one in London. The Fascists read the *Free Press*; they were bewildered. They couldn't imagine who this Mrs Fry was, but they knew that she must have money. So they came sniffing around. Mrs Fry played hard to get. She never was in her office when they called. She was always too busy to see them. She answered their letters, but she was so noncommittal it was maddening. That made the Fascists all the more eager.

Of course Mr Allen sniffed too. He didn't get very far at first. Mrs Fry consented to see him for twenty minutes; that was all.

It was months later that she asked him to call.

Mr Allen became her errand boy, and there were plenty of errands to run. Mrs Fry rarely seemed to

leave her living room. She wouldn't speak at Fascist meetings. She was even loath to attend. Yet wherever the Fascists were stirring there she managed to project herself. Her ambition was that of George E. Deatherage: to weld the Fascists into one party. On August 6, 7 and 8, 1938, she did succeed in getting several of the leaders together in Los Angeles to discuss the possibility. Mr Allen made the arrangements for the meeting, with the help of Arno Risse of the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*. It fizzled, as other such meetings have, for lack of anyone to lead the party.

Strangely enough, Mr Deatherage wasn't present at this meeting in Los Angeles. Mrs Fry knew him; indeed, Mr Deatherage had visited her in Glendale in the fall of 1937 to discuss his American Nationalist Confederation. (They also discussed plans for sending Mr Allen into the Imperial Valley to confer with leaders of The Associated Farmers.) Shortly after that Mrs Fry sent Vladimir Kositsin, an employee of the *Christian Free Press*, out to St Albans to help Mr Deatherage. Mrs Fry and Mr Deatherage were friendly enough in 1937 yet by the summer of 1938 they had apparently fallen out. Later, as you know, Mrs Fry attempted to woo Major General Van Horn Moseley away from Mr Deatherage, which is

hardly the way for one patriot to behave toward another.

This fellow Kositsin is worth talking about. He was born in Russia and seemingly represents the German Ministry for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment among the White Russians in this country. He was an old friend of the late Johannes Klapproth. They worked together in California before Mr Klapproth left for Germany to become head of the American section of the propaganda *World Service*. Off-hand you might imagine that anyone with his connections would never have to worry about money: none of the other Nazi agents do. Yet Mr Kositsin apparently has gotten next to nothing from his work, and he works incessantly. On March 11, 1938, Mr Klapproth wrote to Ernst Goerner in Milwaukee:

“...From my friend Kositsin, with whom I printed your pamphlets last year, I received sad news. It is terrible that such important and leading men are permitted to get so sick. Do people not realize that men of this caliber cannot be weighed in gold and are of tremendous value in the movement of a coup? One should try under all circumstances to keep such men in the best of health.

"One must realize it again and again that in this fight the individual is nothing and only united, close co-operation can bring results.

"We do not want to play into the hands of Judah by making our own lives like hell and weaken each other wherever we can. This would be not only shortsighted but also against our principles.

"Therefore, may I beg you from here to do your duty toward Kositsin and take care of your obligations? It is not permissible that one of our own should go hungry and go to pieces . . ."

Captain Beamish, writing to Mr Kositsin in October 1938, also speaks of his poverty. "I've heard from Klaproth, and if you find that you cannot pull through with the American Nationalist Confederation you might do worse than go to Erfurt, as matters all over the world are rapidly moving and a man with your knowledge of THE question is bound to get a suitable position before long.

"I would prefer to see you remain in the U.S.A. myself but am quite concerned at the rough time you have been experiencing . . ."

It must not be imagined that Mr Allen's work for Mrs Fry interfered with his activities in the Silver-

shirts or his activities in the Gold Shirts. They all meshed. The Silvershirts met at the *Deutsches Haus*; the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, which owns the *Deutsches Haus*, co-operated with Mrs Fry; Mr Alexander sometimes accompanied Mr Allen on his trips into Mexico to confer with Gold Shirt leaders. Joint meetings of all these organizations were not unusual, and the Reverend Martin Luther Thomas, of the Christian American Crusade, occasionally came in too.

In all justice to Mr Allen it might as well be noted in passing that he vehemently denies any connection with either the Gold Shirts or the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, shouts libel and threatens suit. Having mentioned his denials, we can forget them, for there is just too much documentary evidence. There is, for example, the letter he wrote to Frank W. Clark, of the National Liberty Party in Tacoma, Wash., on April 15, 1938. Discussing the Gold Shirts, he said: "Please be advised that we found it necessary to re-organize this group in August 1937. The activist elements are now carrying on under the name of the Mexican Nationalist Movement of which Pablo L. del Gado is the nominal head. I am the legal and personal representative of Del Gado and the move-

ment in the United States. Addresses could hardly be transmitted by mail."

There is another letter, in which Mr Allen speaks of being Del Gado's "personal and legal representative in the United States," and in this letter, written on April 13, 1938, he tells something of his activities. The letter is addressed to George E. Deatherage. Mr Allen tells of having obtained the Spanish translation of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* from Vladimir Kositsin, and he says that General Ramon F. Iturbe, of the Mexican Gold Shirts, is going to have five thousand copies printed for distribution within the country.

One letter, somewhat more sinister than any of the others, is written by James True, addressed to Mr Allen and dated February 23, 1938. It reads in part: "If your friends want some peashooters I have connections now for any quantity . . ." Could the friends to whom Mr True referred be the Gold Shirts? Was Mr Allen planning to run arms into Mexico? Apparently so, for Mr True concludes his letter with: "Anything you hear about the Mexican situation I shall be glad to have. I am hoping for the best. Good luck, old man, all you deserve which is all there is. Yours, Jim."

As for Mr Allen's denials that he was in any way connected with the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, they are equally ridiculous. In the files of the California Intelligence Service, the Americanism Committee of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, the police department of Pasadena and the U.S. district attorney's office are literally dozens of reports of *Volksbund* meetings at which Mr Allen was present. And there is added evidence in the letter which Hermann Schwinn wrote to Fritz Kuhn on January 16, 1938. He wrote in German: "Der Ueber-bringer dieses Schreibens ist mein alter Freund und Kampfgenosse Henry Allen, der in einer wichtigen Angelegenheit nach Osten kommt.

"Herr Allen kennt die lage in Los Angeles and California sehr gut und kenn Dir wichtige Mitteil ungen machen. Herr Allen koennen wir absolutes Vertrauen entgegen bringen. Heil und Sieg, Hermann Schwinn."

In plain English: "The bearer of this letter is my old friend and comrade in arms, Henry Allen, who is coming East on an important mission.

"Mr Allen knows the situation in Los Angeles and California very well and can give you important information. We can give Mr Allen absolute confidence. Hail and victory, Hermann Schwinn."

A few days after getting this letter of introduction from Mr Schwinn Mr Allen left for Washington, D.C. His expenses were paid by Mr Chapman. On his way East he stopped off at Wichita, Kans., to confer with the Reverend Gerald Winrod, editor of *The Defender*. Mr Winrod, "the Jayhawk Nazi," as Mr True once called him, is perhaps the best-known of the pro-Fascist propagandists in the Middle West. At one time he attempted to gain the Republican nomination for the U.S. Senate and was defeated only by the combined efforts of John D. M. Hamilton, Alf M. Landon and William Allen White.

Mr Allen wanted Mr Winrod to join the American Indian Federation's campaign aganist "Communism on the reservations." We'll have more to say about that campaign later. For some reason it was always Mrs Fry's pet: she once devoted an entire issue of the *Christian Free Press* to praise of the American Indian Federation, and in the other issues there were usually two or three stories about it, sometimes more. Henry Allen did talk Mr Winrod into ordering several articles from Alice Lee Jemison, Washington representative of the American Indian Federation, which made James True virtually throb for three letters on his "wonderful spirit." It might be noted in

passing that Mr True gets ecstatic when he talks about Miss Jemison. He calls her "that wonderful character, that Indian patriot."

In Washington Mr Allen had several conversations with Mr True as well as with Miss Jemison. He went over especially big with Mrs True, who doesn't like many people but who rates him with Mr Deatherage and Captain Beamish as "tops." (Our authority for this is Mr True himself.) He also visited the Hungarian, German, Rumanian and Italian embassies, but he won't tell why he went or what happened.

And he picketed the Mayflower Hotel along with ten Arabs.

It was primarily to arrange this picket line that Mrs Fry had sent Mr Allen to Washington. The Zionists were meeting at the Mayflower, and Mrs Fry wanted to dramatize "the plight of the Arabs in Palestine." Mr Allen obtained the Arabs from Peter George, of the Arab League. He paid them two dollars each.

On his way back to Los Angeles Mr Allen stopped off at New York to confer with the other leaders of the Arab League. Then he met with Mr Kuhn to discuss "the situation." It turned out that he didn't need Mr Schwinn's letter, for Mr Kuhn had already heard

about him. Apparently Mr Allen's fame is nationwide.

Mr True and Mrs Fry are not the only Fascists who palpitate over the fate of the American Indians on the New Deal's "Communized reservations." The Indians are William Dudley Pelley's favorite oppressed minority too. As for the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*, it cuts short all talk about the Jews in Germany by erupting into tears over the "way you robbed the red men of their land." In Germany the Ministry for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment never wearies of pointing out that "America has put the Indians, the only real Americans, into concentration camps, so why talk about us?"

Like the Japanese the Indians have become "Aryans" in the anthropology of the Nazi propagandists. All the swindles which have been perpetrated upon them by the white men throughout our history are blamed upon "Jewish moneylenders." The purchase of Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars was typically Jewish, the Nazi propagandists say. That noise you hear is Peter Minuit.

Up and down the country, from one reservation to another, go the American Indian Federation's sales-

men, pouring out this goulash by the bucketful and seasoning it with attacks on the commissioner of Indian affairs, John Collier, who, in case you didn't guess, is "Jewish." President of the organization is Joseph Bruner, of the Creek nation, who calls himself "chief" as every moth-eaten White Russian calls himself "count" and with just as much justification. Other leaders are O. K. Chandler, Whirlwind Soldier, Louis Valandra, Joseph Brooks and Miss Jemison. Miss Jemison is also known as "Pocahontas." The Nazis call them all "Indian patriots," but Mr Collier and Harold L. Ickes, secretary of the interior, have another name for them.

The American Indian Federation promises to get three thousand dollars from Congress for each Indian and three thousand dollars for each of his deceased relatives. All it wants for this service is one dollar per three thousand dollars—in advance. That's cheap enough, and if the American Indian Federation were dealing not with Lo but with his civilized white brother it probably would be wading in dollar bills right now, as witness Share-the-Wealth, Sixty-Over-Sixty and Ham 'n Eggs. The Indians are pretty cagey, though, so the entire take has thus far been only forty-five hundred dollars.

Peculiarly enough, the only Indians who have tumbled for the American Indian Federation's sales talk are certain Mission Indian bands. The Mission Indians live in southern California. Those who believe that environment is more important than heredity will draw their own moral.

The organization's most persuasive salesman is A. E. Towner, of Portland, Ore., "Chief Red Cloud" to his friends. Short, muscular, intelligent, Mr Towner attended the Chemawa Indian School and Willamette Law School. After graduation he practiced law in Portland. However, the law wasn't especially lucrative for Mr Towner, and he decided to abandon it for the American Indian Federation. He also joined the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund* and now speaks at most of the big *Volksbund* rallies on the West Coast, always ending his speech with the assurance that when *Der Tag* comes "the Indian people will be one hundred per cent behind you."

On several occasions Mr Towner has spoken before Negro groups in Arkansas, Filipinos in Oregon and Eskimos in Alaska, so the Nazis may be able to carry the Eskimo vote for Adolf Hitler too.

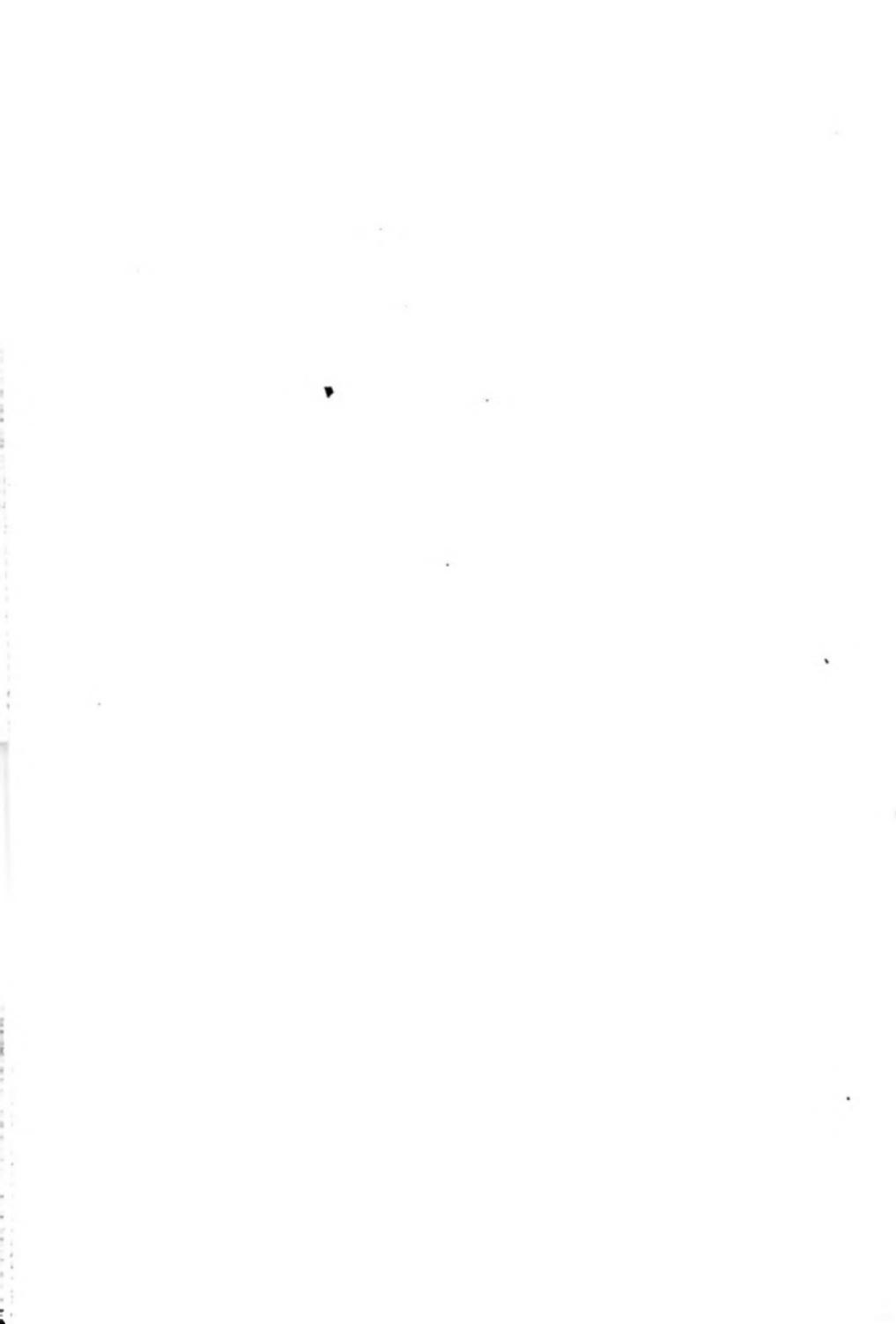
His speeches before the Indians are really an education. It seems that Watt-a-tonka, the Great Spirit,

was the first Nazi, and Watta-tonka, before his death, predicted the coming of Adolf Hitler; indeed, the spirit of his most-trusted chief now resides in Hitler's body at Watta-tonka's express command, which should convince even the most skeptical that Watta-tonka approves of Adolf Hitler. Of course Watta-tonka warned the Indians against the Jews and the Communists, including that evil Sephardic Jew, Franklin Delano Rosenfeld; and Watta-tonka said . . .

This goes on indefinitely, amidst much beating of breasts. Occasionally there are long dramatic pauses while Mr Towner peers into the skies, apparently looking for Watta-tonka. Then he starts up again. Watta-tonka says . . .

Mr Stalin's Henchmen





X: MR STALIN'S HENCHMEN

As far as the newspapers are concerned the Communist Party, U.S.A., is dead, may it rest in peace, and services will be held next Tuesday at 4 P.M. in Union Square, New York. Please bring your own handkerchiefs. The newspapers have printed the obituaries. The New York *Herald Tribune* hired an expert to write six articles, proving quite conclusively that Dictator Josef Stalin bludgeoned, stabbed, poisoned and shot the Communist Party to death when he signed his nonaggression pact with Adolf Hitler. If there was any flicker left he snuffed it out by invading Poland and by starting his slow motion blitz-

krieg in Finland. So the Communist Party is dead. It *must* be dead. Anyway, the papers have printed the obituaries.

They just don't know their Communists. The Communist Party, U.S.A., isn't feeling very well right now: the Comrades were asked to swallow some pretty foul-tasting stuff, and several of the Comrades—those with the weaker stomachs like Granville Hicks—just couldn't get it down. As for those who did, most of them are still quite nauseous, but they will recover, thank you. They always have.

The newspapers have printed the Communist Party's obituary before, and somehow it has always managed to rise from the grave, just when the rewrite men were tossing in the last spadeful of dirt.

1940
This much is true: Communism no longer is fashionable in the United States. For nearly four years the Comrades were almost respectable; they pressed their pants and shined their shoes and went to parties on Park Avenue, where they encouraged liberals and New Dealers to fight Italy, Germany and Japan by paying one dollar for whisky that you could get anywhere else for twenty cents. (The liquor was *foul*.) Although in their own meetings they still talked in the Marxian jargon—*lumpen proletariat, agit-prop,*

the *bourgeoise*—in public they spoke English. It was New Deal English: Tory, copperhead, the money changers. In public the Comrades were New Dealers.

The Communists enjoyed those brief four years, especially because they were lucrative years, when Communist Party members could get comparatively well-paying jobs. The C.I.O. needed organizers, and it didn't mind taking Communists on the pay roll because the Communists were supporting the New Deal and so was the C.I.O. As long as the Communists did their work and didn't start anything that might disrupt the organization John L. Lewis was satisfied. The Communists did their work and did it well, for they had years of experience in carrying on propaganda among workers and in organizing them.

It was the same in the American Labor Party, the Farmer-Labor Party, in hundreds of labor and pro-New Deal organizations all over the country. Whenever there weren't any New Deal organizations the Communists set them up. Among high-school and college students, for example, they formed the American Student Union from their own National Student League and the Student League for Industrial Democracy, which the Socialists had started many years before. For other young people they created the Amer-

ican Youth Congress. It wasn't their own idea but the idea of Viola Ilma. After they walked in, however, Miss Ilma was crowded out.

They started the American League Against War and Fascism, later the American League for Peace and Democracy, enlisting the sympathies of those who believed in collective action by the democracies to check Japanese, German and Italian aggression. That was the New Deal's foreign policy then and still is. That was also Mr Stalin's foreign policy, and now that Mr (or Comrade) Stalin has changed his mind the Communists have disbanded the league.

They walked into the American Civil Liberties Union where they had an unhappy time because they were never able to convince the union that freedom of speech meant freedom of speech, but . . . The union continued to believe in freedom of speech for Nazis and Fascists, even for Henry Ford. However, the union also believed in freedom of speech for Communists, so the Comrades swallowed their chagrin and hung on, letting the union defend them whenever they got into trouble.

Among the unemployed the Communists were most successful. Nobody but they and the Socialists ever thought of attempting to organize the unem-

ployed for unemployment relief. In Washington, D.C., the New Dealers were happy, very happy, indeed, about the Workers Alliance, because the New Dealers also believed in unemployment relief, and they felt that Congress would appropriate the money only if forced to. Officials in the W.P.A. encouraged the unemployed to join the Workers Alliance because the greater the membership the greater the pressure would be.

Now these organizations were never Communist organizations really. Few of the members were Communists. Few of the members knew what Communism was. Moreover, the organizations had nothing in their programs with even the faintest Marxist aroma. There's nothing Communistic about labor unions, for example: there were labor unions in the United States long before there were Comrades. Nor is there anything especially Marxist about *industrial* labor unions. The United Mine Workers, the union to which A.F. of L. president William Green himself once belonged, was an industrial union when the Comrades were still in short pants. Nor did the Comrades invent collective security. The *New York Times* was talking about collective security years

ago; the New York *Times* is still talking about collective security, while Maxim Litvinoff sits on the dusty shelf in Moscow, where Comrade Stalin puts officials who are no longer useful but who may come in handy again.

However, the Communists were more than welcome in these organizations. They were actually sought after. In some of them Comrades held every office except that of president. (They generally picked on some New Dealer or liberal as president: it looked better.) In others they held many influential jobs, and Comrades were sprinkled liberally among the office workers and organizers.

These four years were the happiest era in the short but tortuous history of the Communist Party, U.S.A. It was all Comrade Stalin's doing too. In 1935 Comrade Stalin, always fearful that sooner or later the other nations of Europe would gang up against the Soviet Union, decided to forestall this by lining up with the democracies against Germany, Italy and Japan. Germany, Italy and Japan were the immediate threat, but they also threatened England and France. To Comrade Stalin it seemed that England and France—and even the United States—could be encouraged

to unite with him against their "common enemy."

Suppose, however, that England, France and the United States were to adopt Fascism too? What chance would Comrade Stalin have of uniting with them? Not much, it seemed to Comrade Stalin, who took all the anti-Communist propaganda of the Fascist nations quite seriously, as did almost everyone, including the Fascists themselves.

Out went the orders to every Communist Party in the world. (There are seventy-three of them.) The Comrades were no longer to act like Communists, at least in public. They were anti-Fascists now. They shaved, moved uptown from Union Square and went middle-class. They did this quite literally. Comrades who had been living together for seven or eight years without benefit of clergy, as the saying goes, suddenly got married, because marriage was no longer bourgeois; the "party line" had changed. At meetings of Communist Party units Comrades were severely criticized for wearing lumber jackets and letting their hair grow too long. Party officials traded in their caps for conventional felt hats.

So, dressed in clean white shirts and wearing ties (not red), the Comrades approached the liberals and said: "You know what happens to liberals under

Fascism. We know what happens to Communists. Fascism is our common enemy. Let's get together and defeat it." Naturally the liberals were suspicious at first. The Comrades for years had been reviling them as "social Fascists, politically immature persons, whose thinking must be clarified, etc." It was strange to hear the Comrades talk of democracy, Jefferson, Washington and "twentieth-century Americanism," they who for years had derided bourgeois democracy as camouflage, designed to mask the machinery whereby "the capitalists use the state to keep the workers in bondage." It was almost breath-taking. However, the Communists persisted, and in Moscow Comrade Stalin announced the new, so-called "democratic Soviet Constitution." Gradually the suspicions of the liberals melted away. The Comrades didn't talk about Communism; they seemed to concern themselves only with measures that might prevent Fascism in the United States and destroy it abroad. Those were New Deal measures too. The Comrades had always opposed the New Deal. Now they were eager to support it. The era of good feeling began.

All the liberals and labor-union leaders weren't quite as naïve as that. Men like Mr Lewis and David

Dubinsky, to mention but two, knew exactly what the Communists were after. They didn't like the Communists, even wearing sheep's clothing. However, they were right in the middle of getting the C.I.O. under way, and they needed help. A wave of strikes was engulfing the country, and even A.F. of L. leaders were glad to get Communist support. "I'm walking down the street and two fellows jump me," explained the vice-president of the New York Central Trades and Labor Council. "They're pretty big, and I have my hands full. Then along comes this Chinaman. Do I say, 'Go away, I don't like Chinamen?' I do nothing of the kind. I scream, 'Help! Help!'"

The leaders of the American Labor Party were all bitter anti-Communists from away back. Still they let the Communists wander into the organization, although their constitution prohibited it. The Communists were eager to work for the A.L.P., and the A.L.P. needed workers.

Meanwhile the Trotskyites, whose ideas of world revolution were always too radical, even for Comrade Stalin, laughed at the new bourgeois line of the Communist Party, U.S.A., getting under the skin of the Communists with dozens of derisive parodies of

popular or well-known songs. One, sung to members of the Young Communist League, went:

*The Y.C.L., the Y.C.L.,
They yell like hell, they yell like hell;
They all run after the bourgeoisie
To get more votes for the A.L.P.;
They ain't the rebels they used to be,
The Y.C.L.*

Another, poking fun at the right-about face of the Comrades on the New Deal, ran:

*Kaleidoscopic, what I mean,
Our line's been changed again.
Now we're pink and now we're green,
Our line's been changed again.
I know it Browder,
I know it Browder,
I know it Browder,
Our line's been changed again.*

Still another, commemorating the purge of the "Old Bolsheviks," tortured Gilbert and Sullivan:

*When I was a lad in Nineteen-six,
I became a member of the Bolsheviks.
I read the Manifesto and Das Kapital;*

*I even learned to sing the Internationale;
I studied Marx and Lenin, preached all I knew,
So now I am a prisoner of the Gay-pay-oo.*

So the Trotskyites sang, but not with complete justification. The Communist Party, U.S.A., looked different, and it didn't sound like the Communist Party in public. In public it talked about peace and democracy; it lauded the New Deal and C.I.O.; it jumped when anyone said: revolution! Indeed, the Communist Party, U.S.A., looked upon the mere discussion of the world revolution as Red-baiting. People brought the subject up only to embarrass the Communists, to remind the liberals that Communists had ulterior motives in talking about democracy. The Communists didn't want anyone to remind the liberals of that because it was true. Underneath the Communist Party was the same old Communist Party, affiliated with the Communist International and taking orders from it. The Communists beguiled the liberals with talk of "twentieth-century Americanism," but they did so only at Moscow's bidding, and they knew it. Defense of the Soviet Union has always been the duty of every Communist everywhere. Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party, U.S.A.,

has so informed the Comrades on innumerable occasions. The new party line, the policy of the Popular Front, as the Communists described it, was created to defend the Soviet Union, as every Comrade understood. "Now we're pink and now we're green," the Trotskyites taunted. The Comrades were changing their colors just to dazzle and blind the liberals, however. Their goal remained the same: defense of the Soviet Union, the destruction of capitalism and establishment of the "dictatorship of the proletariat."

The Communist Party, U.S.A., like Communist parties everywhere, is built on the principle of "democratic centralism." Outsiders will question the democracy in the party, but nobody will question the centralism. At the bottom are the units—street units and shop units—little groups of six or seven Communists, who live in the same neighborhood or work in the same organization. There may be twenty-five or thirty in some of the street units, although that is unusual; there may be only three in some of the shop units—just enough to fill the essential offices: *agit-prop* (educational director), financial secretary and organizer. Supervising the units are the section committees, and supervising the section committees are

twenty-nine district committees. Then comes the central committee of the Communist Party, U.S.A., and finally the Communist International, the super-committee, which supervises the work of the Communist parties in every country of the world. The Communist Party, U.S.A., has representatives on the Communist International, to which the Comrades will point whenever the charge of taking orders from Moscow is raised. However, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is the largest Communist Party in the world; it therefore has more representatives than any other and could outvote the others easily if they should ever go berserk and oppose the dictates of Comrade Stalin, which they would never do. And Comrade Stalin is the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, as many an ex-Soviet official could testify if only he were alive.

Theoretically Communist Party members are free to discuss any issue until some decision has been reached. After that discussion is over. However they may feel about the decision, the members of the party committee are supposed to carry it out. Not only the members of the committee itself, but every dues-paying Communist under them. Decisions of the New York State district committee, for example, are bind-

ing on every member of every section and every unit within the state. Decisions of the central committee are binding on every dues-paying member of the Communist Party, U.S.A. Decisions of the Communist International are binding on every Communist in the world.

No matter what the Communist International, which is Josef Stalin, may decide, every Communist in the United States must say "Yes sir" or else.

Lenin used to speak of the Communists in the Soviet Union as soldiers in the class struggle, and that is what they are: soldiers. They do what they are told. It's perfectly all right to discuss the best way of carrying out Comrade Stalin's orders, but anyone who dares to discuss the orders themselves will be expelled. It doesn't happen as suddenly as that, of course. First the other members will reason with him: the *agit-prop* will sit down with him after dinner and spend long hours showing him the error of his ways. If the sinner is worth saving the *agit-prop* may send him to another, higher official—perhaps the educational director for the district. If the latter doesn't convince him all hope is gone. The culprit is expelled.

Nor does it end there. From the section headquarters every few weeks long mimeographed lists are sent out to every unit, containing the names of those expelled and their crimes. These are written in rather colorful language, peppered with adjectives like rat, stool pigeon, counterrevolutionary, Trotskyist. Often the personal vices of the sinner are described at length: he drinks heavily, runs around with low characters, gambles, beats his wife. (The Comrades are highly moral.) If the ex-Communist is considered sufficiently important his photograph and record may be printed in the *Daily Worker*, perhaps under the caption, "Enemy of the Working Class."

Everywhere Comrades will be looking out for him. Suppose he gets on W.P.A. Communist supervisors will give him low ratings and he will be fired. If there are no Communist supervisors the Comrades in the Workers Alliance will plot to get at him in some other way. Perhaps they will start by poisoning the other workers against him. They may even attempt to convince the other workers to protest against his continuance on the job.

As long as they were romancing with the New Deal it was relatively easy for Communists to snipe at writers and journalists who broke with them, for

they had great influence with many of the newspaper and magazine critics and especially with members of the League of American Writers. Stumbling over the critics in "21," by accident or premeditation or both, they would cry into their highballs that writer X was slipping, too bad, and did you see that piece he did for *The Nation* the other day? Almost ungrammatical. I hear that he's been hitting the bottle lately, etc. Sooner or later the critics would begin to realize that writer X really wasn't Shakespeare or even Louella Parsons; he was muddled in his thinking, and he often got his tenses all twisted. Of course nobody would ever bring up the question of his expulsion from the Communist Party; that was irrelevant. Often the critics never suspected those who discussed writer X with them of being Communists or even Communist sympathizers.

It must be remembered that many of the members of the Communist Party, U.S.A., are secret members, enrolled under pseudonyms. (They call them "party names.") If questioned they will deny vociferously any connection with the Communist Party. If attacked they will raise the cry of "Red-baiter."

There are several reasons for this: first, the Com-

unist Party, U.S.A., is convinced that it will some-
day be declared illegal. Naturally it doesn't plan to
disband; it will simply go underground. The known
leaders may resign. Perhaps they will be arrested.
Then secret leaders will take over. Gossip has it that
most of the secret leaders have already been chosen.
For every member of the central committee whose
name has been made public there is another, unknown
member ready to step right into his job if suppressive
laws are passed. So the Comrades say.

Another reason is that some of the activities of the
Communist Party are either illegal or else on the
border line of illegality. For example: hundreds of
Americans fought in Spain. How did they get there?
Who recruited them? Who paid their passage? Their
passports were marked "Not valid for Spain." Who
smuggled them across the French border? It was the
Communist Party, U.S.A., and the Communist Party
of France, as everybody knows, although they put
no advertisements in the papers because they were
violating the Neutrality Act of 1937 and they had to
work secretly. Party names (many of the Comrades,
incidentally, like to name themselves after such
heroes of the movement as Herbert C. Hoover, Tom
Girdler, Martin Dies and Henry Ford) party names

offer *some* protection when the Department of Justice gets to work, though not much.

Still another reason: (This one is somewhat more prosaic.) Many of the Comrades have good jobs. They would lose them if their politics were known. Others belong to unions and to organizations which do not tolerate Communists: most of the A.F. of L. unions don't; neither does the United Mine Workers. Still others belong to organizations where they would be ineffective were their affiliations to become known. As supposed liberals they have influence; as Communists they would be shunned.

The Communist Party, U.S.A., never had more than seventy-five thousand dues-paying members, although party officials once claimed ninety thousand members and even one hundred thousand. They announced that one-hundred-thousand figure right after Josef Stalin kissed and made up with Adolf Hitler, when the newspapers were saying that Communism was through in the United States. Nonsense, said the Comrades, this pact is gaining members for us. ("That bum ain't touched you, kid," said the manager to his punch-drunk fighter.)

Naturally the Comrades have to spread themselves

pretty thin. For there are hundreds of unions in the United States, farm groups, consumers' groups, foreign-policy associations, youth groups and professional groups in which they are interested. Every Comrade has to belong to six or seven of these organizations and to work in them like mad. He must volunteer for every committee, join every picket line, attend every meeting, run for any office to which he may have the remotest chance of being elected. He must be four places at the same time, doing four different things.

It's all work and no play for your "good Communist." Meetings every night: unit meetings, fraction meetings (the fractions are groups of Comrades belonging to different units but working in the same trade), labor-union meetings, party rallies, demonstrations for relief. Even the Comrade's social life is organized for him. When he goes to parties they are benefit parties for Spain or Ethiopia or China. His unit may ask him deliberately to become friendly with someone in his office whom the other employees respect in order to influence the man through private conversations, perhaps to convert him to Communism. The party has actually forbidden members to have any personal relationships with Trotskyites. (When

the ruling was announced there were intense discussions in every unit. Comrades asked: Suppose my wife joins up with the Trotskyites. Will I have to divorce her?)

Party dues are greater than state and federal income taxes combined. Anyone three months in arrears is liable to expulsion. In addition there is what the party calls "international solidarity," an extra-dues payment to support Communist parties in other countries. Party literature is sold at every meeting, and Comrades are supposed to buy as much as they can possibly afford—to give away if they can't read it all. There are collections for the *Daily Worker* and for the *New Masses*, which is the butcher-paper magazine of the Communist intellectuals.

Naturally the membership turnover is terrific. Some Comrades get tired of going to meetings and resign. Others soldier on the job: they are expelled. Every time Comrade Stalin changes his mind there are some who just can't follow him. Out they go amidst vituperation. This is always happening. In 1929, when the party supported the Arab revolt in Palestine, hundreds of Jewish members quit in disgust. (The newspapers said that Jews would thereafter shun the Communist Party, but they were too

hasty. Along came Adolf Hitler.) The famine in the Ukraine also drove hundreds out. So did the purges. One purge every Communist Party member could stomach. Even two purges. Three purges . . . that was too much.

(In New York State the party recruited 20,716 new members between 1936 and 1938, and in those same two years 10,147 old members left.)

They leave, and new members come in, and perhaps they also leave. Those who are left, those who have passed through four or five crises are tough. Nothing fazes them, for they have faith. They must have faith. Otherwise they would have quit long since.

Unquestionably, the faithful have never gone through anything quite like the events of September, October and November 1939. At first they just wouldn't believe it. The stories in the capitalist press were lies, dirty capitalist lies. Then began the rationalizations. The nonaggression pact would contain some escape clause. It didn't. Well, the escape clause was there by implication. Unfortunately it wasn't. Israel Amter, head of the New York State district committee, assured reporters that if Hitler dared

to march the Soviet Union would come to Poland's defense. Hitler marched; the Soviet Union marched, too—right into Eastern Poland and took over.

Gradually the realization came the Popular Front was through. Collective security was through. A new party line was in the making. No longer were the Comrades merely anti-Fascists; they were Communists again. No longer were they in favor of liberal democracy. Once more liberal democracy was capitalist democracy, with emphasis on the "imperialist." The New Deal, enemy of the working class until late in 1935 when it became the hope of the working class, was the enemy of the working class again. People who denounced Germany were just plain warmongers and probably in the pay of Wall Street too. Fascism? A question of taste, said *Pravda*. A question of taste, echoed the Comrades.

The Comrades took it all like brave little men. Some actually enjoyed the change in the party line. They had never felt comfortable mouthing New Deal phrases. Now they could let down their hair and rip off their jackets and put on their house slippers. It was swell.

Of course there were others who couldn't take it.

The Jews in the party were stunned . . . momentarily. Fascism was no matter of taste as far as they were concerned. Fascism was death to Jews. Many of them left, including several of the editors of *Freiheit*, the party's Yiddish-language newspaper. However, the majority stayed on. Such is faith.

Some intellectuals left, two editors of the *New Masses*, for example. They didn't object especially to Comrade Stalin's change of face. They objected to his failure to work out some good reasons for it. Maybe the new party line is all right, wrote Granville Hicks, but the rationalizations are silly. Good-by.

Hundreds of liberals had come into the party—college professors, newspapermen, doctors and lawyers especially—in the belief that Communism was something like Jeffersonianism, only more romantic and up-to-date. Even ministers, convinced that Communism was just Christianity without Jesus Christ, had come into the party. The Communists let them join because they were anxious to play with the professionals. Once in the party the writers and teachers and ministers would see the light, they said. Doubtless most of the liberals would have left the party eventually under any circumstances. The nonaggression pact just speeded them on their way.

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Party meetings were turbulent with discussion. Party officials urged the members to wait, to suspend judgment, to wait until the new line was clarified for them. Officials admitted that, "I don't know the answer, but Comrade Stalin has never been wrong before, so let's wait." Overwhelmingly the Comrades waited. Those who didn't were the sinners at heart, for they lacked faith.

As time went on they came around. They began to see the wisdom of Comrade Stalin's move. A meeting was held in Madison Square Garden to support the invasion of Poland. More than twenty-two thousand Comrades filled the place to overflowing. M. J. Olgin, leading Communist writer for the Yiddish-language press, died. Mecca Temple was jammed with mourners, and thousands crowded the streets outside. At least ninety per cent of them were Jews. If *Pravda* said that Hitlerism was all right then Hitlerism was all right. At least six thousand *Freiheit* readers marched for miles down First Avenue in tribute, red-and-black mourning bands on their arms.

The invasion of Finland was harder to rationalize than was the invasion of Poland, but the Comrades were equal to anything by then. The Soviet Union was merely defending itself from the Finns, said the

Daily Worker. The Comrades said amen. Not that Finland was to blame, they added. Finland was doing the dirty work of the capitalist powers—England, France and the United States. The Soviet Union was the hope of the working class. Defend the Soviet Union!

Somehow the attacks upon the Communist Party made the faithful even more faithful. They were back to 1933, when every man's hand was turned against them; surrounded by enemies, they must stick together, no matter what. So they felt, and the greater the uproar against the Soviet Union for invading Poland and Finland, the more they felt the need to stick together.

The arrest of several Communist Party leaders for alleged passport falsifications merely heightened their persecution complex. They decided that Wall Street was after them, because they alone were foiling Wall Street's plan to drag the United States into "the bloody imperialist war." They and they alone.

For while the party itself has come through almost intact the Comrades have lost their friends. The liberals, the New Dealers, the labor-union leaders were furious with them for what they considered the betrayal of liberalism and collective security. Almost

immediately the American League for Peace and Democracy began to crack up. Thousands left. The executives of the league, most of them Communists or Communist sympathizers, tried desperately to keep the organization intact by quibbling on the new foreign policy of the Soviet Union: the nonaggression pact was all right, but the invasion of Finland was bad, they said, as though one could be disassociated from the other. It didn't help. The Communists were unable to keep even the New York City Teachers' Union in the league, although many of the union's most influential members were Comrades. Finally they were forced to disband the organization.

The American Labor Party launched an intensive campaign against the Comrades, driving out everyone suspected of Communist sympathies. The anti-Communists in the party controlled most of the party machinery, and their campaign was successful at first, although the Comrades have since rallied. A bitter fight is now under way.

Out from many C.I.O. unions went the Communist organizers. Indeed, they had been going out for months. (More recently several have returned, for the Comrades are supporting Mr Lewis in his private spat with the White House.)

In the American Student Union the Comrades are now struggling again with the anti-Communists for control. They won the first round, pushing Joseph P. Lash out as executive secretary. However, the anti-Communists are still trying. If the Comrades retain control the organization will disintegrate, they say, for the members will never string along with the new party line.

The League of American Writers has managed to stave off trouble by sitting tight. It will take no position on foreign affairs, because any position it might take would split the organization wide open.

Communists no longer may hold office in the American Civil Liberties Union. The ruling was passed just to show the Comrades where the A.C.L.U. stands.

The American Youth Congress alone has come through virtually unscathed. The reason is Mrs Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Although the Youth Congress frequently has been under attack Mrs Roosevelt sticks by the organization, and everywhere among young people her voice carries weight.

So the Comrades are now alone. The organizations which they set up and which they helped to run are slipping away from them. Josef Stalin invaded Poland,

and the party is over. They don't feel so well. It was fun. Especially are they disturbed by the refusal of the liberals to become Communists. Like Martin Dies and the Hearst papers they had begun to believe that anyone who favored the C.I.O. and the Loyalist cause in Spain must inevitably believe as they do that Comrade Stalin can never be wrong and the Soviet Union is the hope of workers everywhere. However, the liberals revealed themselves as ordinary, commonplace liberals, without any real understanding of the class struggle or the nature of imperialist war, and the Communists are grievously hurt. They feel betrayed; the liberals *deserted* them in their hour of need. They lambast *The Nation* and the *New Republic* for "selling out to Wall Street." Mike Gold, the *Daily Worker* columnist, says that Vincent Sheean also "sold out." Attorney General Frank Murphy and even Mr Roosevelt are likewise charged with selling out. Apparently the Comrades believe that it was they who ran the New Deal and that Mr Roosevelt was along merely for the ride.

Everything will be all right, though, for the Comrades still have Josef Stalin. As soon as the shock wears off they'll be right in there again, giving their all for him.

